

WORLD OF

# Horror

MONTHLY No. 9 30p



**EXCLUSIVE  
INTERVIEW WITH  
SHELIA KEITH- A  
DISTAFF KARLOFF?  
THE ELUSIVE  
BARBARA STEELE  
SPECIAL  
EFFECTS WINNERS  
CURRENT FILMS  
PLUS NOSTALGIA  
SCREAM SCENE**



Who will be the lucky winner who meets Ray Harryhausen to discuss his work in special visual effects? For the complete list of winners in our "Special Effects Quiz" and our "Towering Inferno Maze Competition", turn to page 25.

jon pertwee

fan club:  
stu money  
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Legend Horror Classics is an exciting new monthly magazine available from all newsagents or if having difficulty send 35p (includes p&p) to 54 Stockwell Park Crescent, London, S.W.9. for sample copy. Issue one: Dracula, Issue two: Frankenstein, Issue three: 7th Voyage of Sinbad.

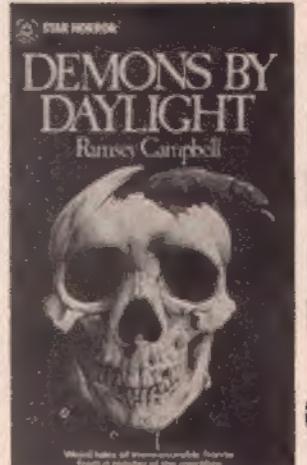
# WORLD OF HORROR

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50p  
**DEMONS BY DAYLIGHT**  
Ramsey Campbell



50p

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AN OBSESSIVE SEARCH FOR A PRIOR EXISTENCE.

# The Reincarnation of Peter Proud



## SYNOPSIS

Peter Proud, a young professor at an American university, begins suffering from recurring dreams that follow a regular pattern down to the last detail, and end as nightmares. Proud's girlfriend, Nora notes with concern that he has begun talking and crying out in his sleep, in a voice not his own.

The two dreams, both featuring the same young couple unknown to Proud in his waking life, continue to plague the young man with their regularity and dreadful intensity. He seeks medical advice, and later agrees to undergo a series of tests devised by a university colleague, Sam Goodman, a parapsychologist. The tests prove inconclusive, and Proud is more distressed than ever. By chance, whilst attempting to relax before the box, he is confronted by a documentary film featuring the familiar landmarks of his dreams, photographed many years before his birth.

He determines to find the town and discover what strange link it has with him and his possible past lives...

This promising study of the fascinating subject of reincarnation features such horror-fantasy veterans as Michael Sarrazin (FRANKENSTEIN: THE TRUE STORY, EYE OF THE CAT) and Margot Kidder (BLOOD SISTERS) and just might prove an excellent low-key thought-provoking chiller. Avco Embassy plans its release early this autumn, so keep your eyes peeled for it, and watch these pages for our usual astute and profound critical observations.

## CAST

Peter Proud	Michael Sarrazin	Executive Producer	Charles A. Pratt
Ann Curtis	Jennifer O'Neill	Producer	Frank P. Rosenberg
Marcia Curtis	Margot Kidder	Director	J. Lee Thompson
Nora Hayes	Cornelia Sharpe	Written (from his novel) by	Max Ehrlich
Dr. Samuel Goodman	Paul Hecht	Music by	Jerry Goldsmith
Jeff Curtis	Tony Stephano	Production Executive	John E. Pommer
Dr. Frederick Spear	Normann Burton	Director of Photography	Victor J. Kemper, A.S.C.
Ellen Curtis	Anne Ives	Art Director	Jack Martin Smith
Suzy	Debralee Scott	Set Decoration	Robert de Vestel, Barbara Kreiger
Newspaper Custodian	Jon Richards	Film Editor	Michael Anderson
Dr. Charles Crennis	Steve Franken	Post-Production Supervisor	Houseley Stevenson
Pop Johnson	Fred Stuthman	Production Manager	Hal Polaire
Car Salesman	Lester Fletcher	Assistant Director	David (Buck) Hall
Room Clerk	Paul Nevens	Casting	Irving Lande
Miss Hagerston	Breanna Benjamin	Assistant to Producer	John Rosenberg
Reeves	Addison Powell	Construction Co-ordinator	Wally Graham
Number Five	Phillip Clark	Chief Electrician	Thomas Hayes
Charlie	Gene Boland	Key Grip	Fred Richter
Police Sergeant	Albert Henderson	Properties	Horst Grandt
Ellie	Connie Garrison	Second Assistant Directors	Gary Daigler, Ralph Singleton
Satan's Disciple	Sam Laws	Costumers	Oscar Rodriguez, Betty Cox
Nurse	Mary Margaret Amato	Make Up	Jack H. Young, Robert O'Bradovich, Michael Maggi
College Student	Terry Green	Hair Styles	Virginia Jones
Lab Assistant	Jacqueline Manning	Script Supervisor	Marshall Wolins
Square Dance Caller	Henry Cosimini	Production Mixer	Andy Gilmore
Club Steward	Douglas Rutherford	Re-recording Mixer	David Dockendorf
Astrology Lady	Marjorie Morely Eaton	Sound Editor	Bernard F. Pincus
Bookstore Clerk	Shelley St. Clair	Music Editor	John Caper, Jr.
		Assistant Editor	Terence Anderson

A BCP Presentation An Avco Embassy Release  
Colour by Technicolour in Panavision Running Time: 104 minutes  
Certificate: 'X'

## CREDITS

SETS 4



Above: One of the characters in *HOMEBOIES* finds himself in a sticky situation.

Right: Mrs. Loomis (Ruth McDevitt) is found murdered, by her husband (Ian Wolfe).

## CAST

Mr. Blakely	Peter Brocco
Miss Emily	Frances Fuller
Mr. Sandy	William Hansen
Mrs. Loomis	Ruth McDevitt
Mattie	Paula Trueman
Mr. Loomis	Ian Wolfe
Miss Pollack	Linda Marsh
Mr. Crawford	Douglas Fowley
Construction Boss	Kenneth Tobey
Construction Foreman	Wesley Lau
Apartment Superintendent	Norman Gottschalk
Woman in Floppy Hat	Irene Webster
Construction Worker	Nicholas Lewis
Policeman	Michael Johnson
Superintendent's Wife	Alma Du Bus
Construction Worker	John Craig
Insurance Inspector	Eldon Quick
Night Watchman	Joe De Meo

Running Time: 96 minutes In Colour Certificate: 'X'  
Avco Embassy Pictures (U.K.) Ltd.



## SYNOPSIS

*HOMEBOIES* is advertised as a tale of murder and psychological horror, heavily laced with black humour. The plot concerns six peaceful elderly people, who have lived happily for many years in a "brownstone" scheduled to be demolished and replaced by an office high-rise. Unable to accept this drastic upheaval in the peaceful twilight of their days, the geriatrics band together to resist, first using mischievous harassment, finally indulging in incongruous violence in a

futile attempt to forestall the inevitable loss of their home.

An excellent cast of well-known U.S. character actors has been assembled to portray these unfortunate victims of "progress" who discard a lifetime of respectability and compassion for a few days' return to the jungle in an admirable, but misguided protest against the society which has forgotten and rejected them.

*HOMEBOIES* is due for release through Avco Embassy Pictures this autumn.



## CREDITS

Produced by	Marshal Backler
Directed by	Larry Yust
Executive Producer	James R. Levitt
Original Screenplay by	Larry Yust, Howard Kaminsky and Bennett Sims
Music Composed and Conducted by	Bernardo Segall
Song: "Sassafras Sunday"	
Music by	Bernardo Segall
Lyrics by	Jeremy Kronsberg
Director of Photography	Isidore Mankofsky
Editor	Peter Parasheles
Art Director	John Retsek
Set Decorator	Raymond Molyneaux
Sound Mixer	Leroy Robbins
Costume	Lynn Bernay
Special Effects	Donald Courtney
Make Up	Louis Lane
Script Continuity	Bonnie Prendergast



## PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE

*PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE* In issue 7, we gave you a pictorial preview of director-writer Brian De Palma's latest venture into the "horror" genre. (Many readers will remember the excellent thriller *BLOOD SISTERS* of a few years ago). *PHANTOM* emphasises black humour and pathos more than straight chills, and we found it most absorbing.

As the abused composer Winslow Leach, whose tribulations drive him to madness, an involuntary pact with the devil, and destruction, De Palma has cast William Finley, an extremely

intelligent and interesting actor, who gave an impressively creepy and ultimately quite sympathetic performance in *BLOOD SISTERS*. He makes a superlative Phantom. Aided by a flowing cape and predatory bird-like mask, he manages the difficult task of radiating lunacy and menace, without losing the audiences' empathy. Paul Williams, who also composed the music and lyrics of the very appealing rock score, contributes another fine interpretation, as the wicked pop tycoon Swan, who tricks the naive Winslow and the innocent but

ambitious singer, Phoenix (Jessica Harper) into sharing his damnation. In the role of Beef (a camp glitter-rock performer who becomes a victim of the Phantom's murderous rage) Gerrit Graham is very funny and likeable.

There are countless witty references to earlier films, including the ultimate send-up of *PSYCHO*'s shower murder, a prison breakout reminiscent of the dining hall scene in Walsh's *WHITE HEAT*, and many pastiches from earlier versions of *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, especially the elaborate Claude Rains film. *PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE* is one of the most worthwhile fantasy films we've seen in some time. Although it's primarily delightful visual and musical entertainment, it has some sombre things to say about the decadence of our artistic expression, and the jaded consumerism of the thrill-seeking rock audience. Don't miss it.

*PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE*, released by 20th Century Fox through Fox-Rank Distributors. Written and Directed by Brian De Palma, Produced by Edward R. Pressman, Director Of Photography: Larry Pizer, Music: Paul Williams. Special Effects: Greg Auer. Cast: Paul Williams, William Finley, George Memmoli, Harold Oblong, Archie Hahn, Jeffrey Comanor, Gerrit Graham, and introducing Jessica Harper. Certificate 'AA'.

## CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS



Alan's unfunny practical jokes).

At last, Alan commences his dabbling in necromancy, using the genuine remains of a gentleman called Orville. His attempt to restore life to the cadaver is an apparent failure, and the others enjoy deriding him. Determined to get his own back, Alan insists upon bringing Orville back to the cottage to take part in more disgusting "games."

Two actors and a caretaker left behind in the graveyard are suddenly attacked and killed by the dead, who have risen after all. The corpses march towards the cottage, and the survivors must forget their squabbles in a desperate attempt to reach Alan's boat and escape from the island...

## COMMENTS

This very cheap and tatty film was thrown together by a group of horror buffs in Florida, and has achieved something of a "cult" status, especially in the U.S. Quite a few serious enthusiasts are very keen on it, but (to each his own, and all that) I thought it was *abominable*. It can't really be placed in the "so-bad-it's-funny" category, as the performers are attempting a tongue in cheek approach

(viz. the recent *DR. DEATH*) and the entertainingly good-bad film is nearly always one that has been made in dead seriousness. Here, the jokey script and smirking delivery of the uncharismatic cast is merely annoying.

In all fairness, the climactic segment, in which the dead rise up to take revenge upon the intruders is not without merit, although it's familiar stuff (*NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD*, *PLAQUE OF THE ZOMBIES*, et al). The cast is execrable, with the marginal exceptions of a rotund comedian, Jeffrey Gillen, Anya Ormsby (consort to Alan) who is decorative, and one Seth Sklarey, who has the advantage of portraying the most sympathetic character, Orville, the corpse. Oh, and those cardboard and papier-mâché tombstones bearing the names of the cast and crew don't help much. This film has been on the circuits with *BLUE BLOOD*, which is even worse. Stay home.

*CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS*. A Benjamin Clark film, starring Alan Ormsby, Jeffrey Gillen, Valerie Marches, Paul Cronin, Seth Sklarey. Music by Carl Zittr, Produced by Benjamin Clark and Gary Goch, Written and Directed by Benjamin Clark. Ghoul makeup by Alan Ormsby.

# Who was possessed by the Devil at Longleat?

## OLIVER REED

in

# Blue Blood. x



## SYNOPSIS

Gregory, the lord of Swanbrook, a beautiful "stately home", complete with game farm, is obsessed with preserving his heritage for future generations, and prides himself on his treatment of his servants as "equals". (when he's in a good mood.) His butler Tom, (Oliver Reed) conceals his loathing for his master, beneath a servile facade, while stirring rebellion amongst the other servants. The new governess, Beata (Meg Wynn Owen) is plagued by strange seizures of violence, and hallucinations of occult ceremonies led by Tom, and involving the death of Gregory's young son, Lily (Fiona Lewis) Gregory's wife, is a singer, often away from home, and Carlotta, who dallies with Gregory in her absence, is easily influenced by the scheming Tom. At last, Beata is driven by Tom's influence to brutalise the children, and is dismissed. Aided by Carlotta, Tom drugs Gregory, who experiences a terrifying nightmare, which destroys his will completely. Tom is now able to take over control of Swanbrook, the children, Lily, and Gregory himself.

## COMMENTS

This film boasts lovely colour photography (Harry Waxman), and interesting performances from an excellent cast, including Oliver Reed, Fiona Lewis, Derek Jacobi, and Meg Wynn Owen, (especially good as the neurotic nanny who gets caught up in the butler's plan to usurp his weak-willed employer's position). The talky script and slow pacing make it extremely tedious, however, and a similar plot has been handled to much better effect in *THE SERVANT*. The occult angle is presented very clumsily, and it's difficult at times to know just what is going on, as "Tom" induces hallucinations of black masses, murder and suicide, to undermine the wills of his victims.

BLUE BLOOD was filmed on location at Longleat House, and it's all very pretty to look at, if you can stay awake. L.K.



# I DON'T WANT TO BE BORN

## COMMENTS

It is difficult to ascertain whether this film was actually intended to be taken seriously, but the end result certainly provides more laughs than chills. In the lengthy course of events, we are asked to accept the rather venerable, if still glamorous, Joan Collins not only as the mother of an infant but as a stripper, Ralph Bates as her upper-crust Italian spouse, and Eileen Atkins (times are rough) as his sibling, a nun, for starters.

The flashbacks to La Collins' pre-marital career as an exotic dancer had the preview audience rolling in the aisles, and the dialogue of the whole film has to be heard to be believed. We discover, during the mother's gamy reminiscences that her progeny's size, strength, and decidedly churlish disposition is the result of a curse delivered by a lecherous dwarf named Hercules whose amorous advances she had refused.

At last, after four gruesome deaths, a great deal of general aggro, and interminable travelogue-type scenes of all the top tourist spots in London, the evil influence is conquered by Sister Albana who reads an exorcism service over the child. The horrid Hercules deservedly drops dead, and the liberated infant gurgles happily for the first time in his short, if very hectic, life.



Donald Pleasance is wasted in a few brief scenes, as Dr. Finch, who delivers the possessed baby, and attempts to find a scientific explanation for its peculiarities, only to end up deceased in the troubled family's back garden (along with most of the troubled family). For "crumplet" freaks, there's toothy Caroline Munro as a chum of the distressed heroine, plus sundry strippers and nightclub dancers.

The "arty" bits, like an attempt at a pretty DON'T LOOK NOW-style sex scene, a nightmare sequence, and the actual murders, are ineptly handled, and serve only to contribute to the hilarity encouraged by a script full of howlers and the bizarre casting.

The final exorcism sequence is rather anticlimactic and lacks power, although Ms. Atkins does her considerable best with the material. The baby itself is used very well, and picked up an award for "best performance" at this spring's international Festival Of Science Fiction & Fantasy Films in Paris. Credit for this coup must go to Editor Henry Richardson and director Peter Sasdy (who has little else to boast about, as far as this project is concerned).

## STORY

A male baby born with a built-in hatred of people, particularly of its own parents, Lucy and Gino Carlesi (Joan Collins and Ralph Bates) is the focal

point of a story, set in modern London, that is as extraordinary as it is terrifying.

The birth itself is not only an exceptionally difficult one, but the atmosphere surrounding it seems to be charged with a strange and indefinable 'menace'. Even stranger are the events that follow.

The baby, remarkable for its size and strength at birth, marks its entry into the World with a vicious physical attack on its mother. And, as each day passes, its ferocity increases. So does its strength, which reaches phenomenal, almost superhuman proportions.

It repeatedly turns its nursery into a shambles. It takes a sadistic delight in inflicting hurt and injury. And for its parents it makes life a living hell.

Dr. Finch (Donald Pleasance) the medico in charge, is baffled. He thinks the baby's aggressive nature and strength are due to hereditary factors, or to the effect of some pre-natal conditions.

But Sister Albana (Eileen Atkins) a Nun who has studied animal pathology, has a different theory.

"Is it possible," she asks, "for the baby NOT to want to be born, and then take revenge as a 'possessed' being?" That would mean the baby would be under some kind of "control."

Her theory is unacceptable to Dr. Finch. As a medical man it would mean his acceptance of the 'supernatural' of which 'science needs proof.'

As he and Sister Albana pursue their separate investigations, one scientifically, the other spiritually, the baby's violence and aggressive behaviour reach a new high with its involvement in a series of particularly horrifying murders.

Although too late to prevent these tragedies, it is Sister Albana who finally exposes the hideous truth in a climax that is bizarre and frightening ...

## CAST

Lucy	Joan Collins
Sister Albana	Eileen Atkins
Dr. Finch	Donald Pleasance
Gino	Ralph Bates
Mandy	Caroline Munro
Mrs. Hyde	Hilary Mason
Tommy	John Steiner
Jill	Janet Key
Hercules	George Clayton
Sheila	Judy Buxton
Police Inspector	Derek Benfield
Police Sergeant	Stanley Lebor
Priest	John Moore
Nun	Phyllis McMahon
Delivery Boy	Andrew Secombe
Old Lady	Susan Richards
Nurses	Floella Benjamin and Penny Darch
Strippers	Lopez and Suzie Lightning
Dancers	Janet Brett and Val Hoadley

Running Time: 1 hour, 34 minutes. Certificate 'X'

## CREDITS

Director	Peter Sasdy
Executive Producer	Nato De Angles
Screenplay by	Stanley Price
Original Story by	Nato De Angles
Music Composed and Conducted by	Ron Grainer
Production Supervisor	Christopher Sutton
Director of Photography	Kenneth Talbot
Art Director	Roy Stannard
Editor	Keith Palmer
Choreographer	Mia Nadasi
First Assistant Director	David Bracknell
Camera Operator	Bob Kindred
Continuity	Renee Glynn
Wardrobe Supervisor	Brenda Dabbs
Make Up	Eddie Knight
Hairdresser	Stephanie Kaye
Sound Recording	Kevin Sutton
Sound Editor	Don Challis
Dubbing Mixer	Gordon K. McCallum
Assistant Art Director	Ted Ambrose
Special Effects	Bert Luxford
Assistant to the Director	Jill Bender
Processed by	Rank Film Laboratories, Denham, England

# THE GHOUL

## COMMENTS

THE GHOUL is hampered by a very slow start, depicting a lot of partying and bantering by rather incongruous-looking, obviously bewigged "flappers" but once it does get under way it's a fine effort despite its flaws. The familiar moorland settings are effectively eerie, and the sinister house, with its strange combination of homeliness and horror is entirely successful in providing "atmosphere."

Peter Cushing is given a juicy role, and makes the most of it, to provide a fascinating portrait of a failed missionary, to all appearances a dear old eccentric, who is forced to allow some pretty hideous goings-on to sustain his son, the ghoul. It must be mentioned that we never really get much of an explanation for the condition of the unfortunate creature of the title, or his place in the macabre rites of the Ayah (a lovely lurking, menacing,



yet not unsympathetic performance from Gwen Watford) who appears to be an adherent of some cult of Kali (although one suspects the cultural anthropology aspects of this film are not painstakingly accurate).

We also meet the traditional dim and psychotic "gardener" who helps with the gentry's dirty work, enacted by John Hurt. His thoughtful interpretation of a stereotyped cartoon character is amazingly convincing. The hero/victim characters are, as usual, rather silly, obnoxious types. A shame, as with a

little more attention to these weak spots, THE GHOUL might have been real class material. It might also have been wiser to keep the "monster" only partly visible. Those grey, scabby feet padding about are very nasty, but in the end, he's just a wrestler-type bloke with a "Kojak" cut and a green face. THE GHOUL is far from perfect, but its inherently super-grisly subject matter, splendid performances and art direction make for an above-average foray into the macabre.

\*See issue 4 for synopsis and more photos.

## CAST

Dr. Lawrence	Peter Cushing
Tom	John Hurt
Angela	Alexandra Bastedo
The Ayah	Gwen Watford
Daphne	Veronica Carlson
The Ghoul	Don Henderson
Billy	Stewart Bevan
Geoffrey	Ian McCulloch
Young Man	John D. Collins
Police Sergeant	Dan Meaden

## CREDITS A Tyburn Film

Producer	Kevin Francis
Director	Freddie Francis
Screenplay	John Elder
Production Manager	Ron Jackson
Director of Photography	John Wilcox B.S.C.
Art Director	Jack Shapman
Composer	Harry Robinson
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Costume Designer	Anthony Mendleson
Film Editor	Henry Richardson
Continuity	Pamela Davies
Assistant Art Director	Peter Williams
Assistant Director	Peter Saunders
Camera Operator	James Bawden
Sound Mixer	John Brommage
Wardrobe Supervisor	Bridget Sellers
Make Up	Roy Ashton and Jimmy Evans
Hairdresser	Joan Carpenter
Assistant to the Producer	Lorraine Fennell

Length: 7,867 feet. Running Time 1 hour, 28 minutes. Certificate 'X'

Above: THE GHOUL is greatly aided by the fine acting of Gwen Watford and Peter Cushing.

Top Right: The ghoul (Don Henderson) advances on a cringing Angela (Alexandra Bastedo).



# THE BRITISH PETER CUSHING FAN CLUB



Now in its 12th year, the BFCFC has a membership of around 200, presided over by President Gladys Fletcher, and vice-president Janet Morgan, both of whom have been most helpful to WOH. Quarterly newsletters keep members informed of Mr. Cushing's career activities, and feature reviews, appreciations, poetry, etc. by members; photos too, whenever possible. Members also get the opportunity to do some charity work for the Canterbury Association for the Deaf, and the response has been excellent. Mr. Cushing gives the club his full support, and personally keeps the officers informed of his filming plans. The membership fee is £1 annually for the UK, and £2 for overseas members. Cheques, POs (uncrossed) and International Money Orders should be made payable to Gladys Fletcher, 2 Woodhouse Square, Ipswich IP4 1NE, Suffolk. Same address for enquiries, and don't forget those SAEs.

## A PETER CUSHING FILMOGRAPHY

HOLLYWOOD YEAR	TITLE	ROLE	YEAR	TITLE	ROLE
1939	The Man In The Iron Mask	Cavalry Officer	1963	*The Evil Of Frankenstein	Baron Frankenstein
1940	The Chumps At Oxford	Student	1964	*The Gorgon	Dr. Namaroff
	Vigil In The Night	Joe Shand	1965	*Dr. Terror's House Of Horrors	Dr. Shreck
	Laddie	Robert Pryor		*She	Major Holly
1941	Women In War			*Dr. Who And The Daleks	Dr. Who
	They Dare Not Love	Lieutenant	1966	*The Skull	Christopher Maitland
				*Island Of Terror	Dr. Brian Stanley
				*Daleks Invasion A.D. 2150	Dr. Who
				*Frankenstein Created Woman	Baron Frankenstein
1948	Hamlet	Osrice	1967	Some May Live	John
1953	Moulin Rouge	Lovoisier		*Night Of The Big Heat	Dr. Stone
1954	The Black Knight	Palamides	1968	*Torture Garden	Lancelot Canning
	The End Of The Affair	Henry Miles		*Blood Beast Terror	Inspector Quennell
1955	Alexander The Great	Memnon		*Corruption	Sir John Rowan
1956	Magic Fire	Otto Wesendonk	1969	*Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed	Baron Frankenstein
	*Time Without Pity	Jeremy Clayton		*Incense For The Damned	Dr. Goodriceh
1957	*The Curse Of Frankenstein	Baron Frankenstein		*Scream And Scream Again	Benedek
	*The Abominable Snowman	Dr. John Rollason		*One More Time	Dr. Frankenstein (Cameo)
	Violent Playground	The Padre	1970	*The House That Dripped Blood	Philip
1958	*Horror Of Dracula	Dr. Van Helsing		*The Vampire Lovers	The General
	*The Revenge Of Frankenstein	Dr. Victor Stein		*I, Monster	Utterson
1959	John Paul Jones	Captain Pearson		*Twins Of Evil	Gustav Weil
	*The Flesh And The Fiends	Dr. Robert Knox	1971	*Tales From The Crypt	Grimsdyke
	*The Hound Of The Baskervilles	Sherlock Holmes		*Dracula, A.D. 1972	Van Helsing
		John Banning		*Fear In The Night	Michael Charmichael
		Dr. Van Helsing		*Dr. Phibes Rises Again	Captain (Cameo)
		Captain Judd	1972	*Horror Express	Dr. Wells
		Sheriff of Nottingham		*The Creeping Flesh	Dr. Hildern
		Professor Sewell		*Asylum	Smith
		Mr. Merryweather		*Nothing But The Night	Sir Mark Ashley
1961	Suspect	Mr. Wrack		*And Now The Screaming Starts	Dr. Pope
	*The Hellfire Club	Squire Trevenyen		*Frankenstein And The Monster From Hell	Baron Frankenstein
	The Naked Edge	Mr. Fordyce	1973	*Satanic Rites Of Dracula	Van Helsing
	Fury At Smugglers Bay	Dr. Blyss		*Madhouse	Herbert Flay
1962	Cash On Demand			*The Beast Must Die	Dr. Lundgren
	The Devil's Agent			*The Ghoul	Dr. Lawrence
	*Night Creatures			*Legend Of The Werewolf	Paul Cataflanque
	*The Man Who Finally Died			*Tender Dracula	(not yet released in the UK)

Thanks to the British Peter Cushing Club for providing the greater part of this list. Mr. Cushing has, of course, done extensive stage and TV work, which, regrettably, we haven't space to list. The \* gang, indicates a film of special interest to horror-fantasy lovers.



## LEGEND HORROR CLASSICS

This new poster/comic mag is most unusual in format and appearance, and, when you get used to it, immensely entertaining. The first issue features a wild adaption of Stoker's DRACULA, illustrated by Kevin O'Neil. It's probably the most gruesome treatment of the tale we've seen to date, complete with rampaging zombies getting their heads blown off by revolver blasts, decapitated butlers, and a super disintegration for the Count. Ghastly, but very, very funny. The only problem is that the tale is a bit difficult to follow, in the pull-out format, but after fumbling a bit, you do get the hang of it. I was reminded of the old EC horror comics; it's all incredibly vulgar, violent, and blackly humorous entertainment. In addition, there's a 15" x 20" pin-up of Christopher Lee as Dracula, and some bits and pieces of vampire lore, plus a short filmography of major pictures featuring the ever popular Lord Of The Undead. Adult readers might wish for more and "deeper" text, but LEGEND HORROR CLASSICS is primarily a comic and not a film zine, although future issues promise such goodies as adaptions of THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and KING KONG V. GODZILLA. It's always good to see a new mag for horror freaks, and this one makes up in vitality and enthusiasm for its possible lack of subtlety and taste. Good value for 25p and a recommended purchase. (As a bonus, there's a lovely portrait of Peter Cushing as Dr. Frankenstein, by talented fandom artist Steve Jones).

If you're unable to obtain this unique and truly grotesque mag locally, order it direct from Legend Publishing, 54 Stockwell Park Crescent, London S.W.9 (35p includes P+P)

Incidental Admonition Dept. We are always delighted to see fiction manuscripts, reader artwork, film reviews, etc., and we swear on our copy of the NECROMICON that everything is read and given full consideration. We can't offer worldly rewards, but anything published will be fully credited. Unfortunately, however, we can NOT accept responsibility for any material submitted, and cannot return material without SAE (The way we walk is thorny, and the budget is low . . .)

Our busy friends at the HORROR ELITE club inform us that they are planning a special extra journal late this fall to celebrate the anniversary of Hammer Films. This appreciation should be in the vicinity of 100 pages, and will contain as many good, unusual illos as the intrepid officers can obtain. Elite membership details available from Mrs. S. Cowie, 288 Lunsford Lane, Larkfield, Maidstone, Kent ME20 6HU. (Enclose SAE)



THE ACTORS' COMPANY is currently touring with the very first stage adaption of Gaston Leroux's famous novel, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. It's advertised as being a much more accurate representation of the story than any of the popular film versions. We're reviewing it elsewhere, in this issue, but to obtain a list of tour dates, ring the Company's office 01-437-8824.

## DR.WHO

ERRATA TIME (Moan-) Our apologies to David Hardy and his colleagues at ASTRO ART for several howlers which insidiously crept into our issue 7 feature. (never turn your back on a howler) A) The captions on page 37 are incorrect, B) Mr. Hardy was not credited for the beautiful illo which graced our back cover, C) Granada Books was not credited for permission to reprint the illo on pg. 38, and D) Mr Lawrence Keene, author of the piece was not given a byline. Not bad for one article. Seriously, though, we are very sorry about the errors and omissions, and extend our thanks to the ASTRO ART people for providing us with the material in the first place, and for letting us live . . .



Above: scene from DOC SAVAGE



The fifth International Festival of Science-Fiction & Fantasy Films was held in Paris, this April. Prizes were awarded by an international jury, with the beautiful and prestigious Golden Unicorn going to THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE, Producer William Castle's latest chiller. The best screenplay was judged to be DEAD OF NIGHT (not the oldie, but another recent U.S. effort unseen here so far). Best Actor was the baby (l) in Peter Sasdy's I DON'T WANT TO BE BORN now on release from Fox-Rank, and Dan Curtis and Richard Matheson received a special award for DRACULA (the Palance version) and AMELIA, which has appeared on U.S. TV. Fifty thousand filmmakers and fans descended on Paris for the occasion, which included a Hammer retrospective, and other golden oldies, amidst the new films of 12 nations. The immense success of this festival is an inspiration to all serious devotees of horror/fantasy films.

## BORIS MaCABRE

Reader and fanzine mogul Andrew Johnson was kind (?) enough to lend us this photo of a chap known to the world as "Boris MaCabre". He started out with a band called the Falcons, and introduced a skull into the act (Boris' real name is Roy-something, and by day he was a gravedigger, just like Rod Stewart. Anyway, he accidentally unearthed this skull, painted it red, stuck some false hair on it, and a star was born — Boris, that is). Today he tours London pubs with a disco, and is evidently doing quite well — Personally, I don't think Boris is quite my idea of the ideal pub entertainer, especially if one is just possibly a pint or so over the line — however, chachun a son ghoul, and all that.



We have just heard of a new club called THE HORROR APRECIATION SOCIETY, which may be of interest . . . Six newsheets a year are published, which include articles on horror personalities, classic fantasy films, and reviews of current films in the genre. We haven't yet seen their work, but membership is a reasonable £1.00 a year, and co-founder is the British Peter Cushing Club's official photographer Michael Stotter. For further details on membership, send him an SAE at 42 Halstead Road, Wanstead, E 11.

Leonard Wolf, author of A DREAM OF DRACULA, (a beautiful, thoughtful study of modern man's obsession with the vampire,) is due to release his definitive edition of Stoker's novel, THE ANNOTATED DRACULA, this summer. It will include voluminous notes on the original text, spiced with hundreds of drawings, maps, calendars, etc., etc., calculated to warm the undead cockles of many a Draculophile's black heart. We've not yet seen a copy, but Wolf has proved himself a scholarly and sensitive expert on the subject. (He also lectures in English Lit at San Francisco State University, where, along with Chaucer, et al, he teaches a course called "Dracula: The Patron Saint Of The 70's") THE ANNOTATED DRACULA, will be published in the U.S. by Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., but the price and its U.K. distributor are not yet known to us. Looks like a winner, though, and we look forward to reading it.

Keep those rheumy eyes peeled for these upcoming releases in the fantasy genre: DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE, with Ron Ely as the hardy "pulp" adventurer. STEPPENWOLF, a very promising adaption of Hesse's novel, with the excellent

Max Sydow as Harry Haller, THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, IMPLUSE with William Shatner, SEIZURE with Jonathon Frid of DARK SHADOWS renown. Full reports on these and other new productions as the pre-release material reaches our eager claws. Also, pleased to announce that Harryhausen's 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD is due for re-release, but beware of cuts in the skeleton sequence, made to ensure a U certificate. (Grumble)

# SCREAM SCENE

## NEPOTISM DEPT:

Watch out for an exciting new Mag from Dallruth called **PSYCHIC EYE**, which promises intelligent and absorbing coverage of such subjects as Tarot Card Divination, Photography of the "Aura," and U.F.O.s from Atlantis. First issue should be available early this autumn.

In Issue 7, our advert for the DR. WHO fan club was unfortunately incomplete. SAEs should go to Keith Miller, 109 Moredun Park Road, EDINBURGH EH 17 7JH. The DWFC offers excellent value for money, and most WHO enthusiasts will get a lot of pleasure from it. Keith has been a bit swamped with requests for information lately, so be patient, please.

Michael Sims, who does quite a bit of writing for various fan and pro publications was kind enough to provide the following eldritch verses. Poetry is a rather neglected area of the **WORLD OF HORROR**, and we'd be interested to see if any other readers have produced anything in this line, and would like to share it with us. (No MONSTER MASH-type doggerel, please. Give us a break).

## Blood Love

The dreary dribble drabble of grey coated rain  
smears all grass around with a layer of dullness.  
The air smells of death, the feeling is pain.  
But the stones in the graveyard are listed.  
Swimming in dampened mist, the pale moon is shining,  
while a bat shimmers over, afire in the blackness,  
listening fondly to the hungered wolves that are whining.  
And the earth on the boxes, now empty, has shifted.

Yet listen, and hark! 'Tis a cock that does crow,  
beckoning dawn's light up and to follow.  
Have we time to return to our coffins?  
You know that the sun's rays echo our last,  
come, do not dally, the time croaches fast.

Shall we not wait? I hear the words spoken.  
Put all the torment we know in the past.  
Decided we sit now, peaceful at last.  
Two lovers who wait for the end to be cast.



Gawd ... Nearly forgot to mention one of the biggest fandom events of the year; the 1975 COMICON. It will be held at the Regent Centre Hotel, Great Portland Street, London (Circle and Metropolitan tube stations), on the second and third of August.

One room will house the Dealers Mart, whilst films, talks and auctions will take place in another, guaranteeing plenty of amusement, and good value for the 50p admission price. For tickets send cheque or PO and SAE to: **Comicon '75 (tickets)**, 212 Grange Road, Plestow, London, E.13 0HB.

If you wish to reserve a table to sell your wares, they are £6.00 each for both days. This includes one free admission per table, but they **MUST** be booked in advance.

Payment and SAE should be sent to **Comicon '75 (Tables)** at the same address. All cheques and POs should be made payable to **FANTASY DOMAIN**. There will be a special convention booklet, as well, and anyone who wishes to advertise should send an SAE for details of rates and deadlines. Write to (you guessed it) — **Comicon (Booklet)**.

Last year's con was a roaring success, and this one promises to be bigger and better yet. Doors open at noon on Saturday, the third. We hope to see you all there.

London area readers may wish to take the opportunity to see fantasy superstar Vincent Price, and his consort Coral Browne (who has appeared in **THEATRE OF BLOOD**, not to mention her long and distinguished classical career, and "straight" film roles) — perform in **ARDELE**, a racy black comedy by the renowned Jean Anouilh. The play is currently at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, 01-734-1166. Also in the cast is Charles Gray (**THE DEVIL RIDES OUT**). He comes close to stealing the show from Price, which takes some doing. **ARDELE** is Mr. Price's first stage performance in London since the club theatre activities of his youth. It's not a mass-appeal sort of play, but it's fun to have the chance to see Price "live". The entire cast is commendable, and the set so impressive that it got a round of applause of its own before any actors appeared. The Gallic cynicism will not be appreciated by children, but adults might find it a nastily amusing evening.

Andrew Johnson (editor of **STAR-ZINE** and **TARDIS**) is currently plotting with Keith Miller (president of the DR. WHO FAN CLUB) to organise some sort of convention for fans of the series. It's only tentative, as of this writing, but if you would be interested in attending such a "do," drop Andy a line (Andrew Johnson, The King's Head, High Street, Ongar, Essex). This will give him an idea of the project's chances for success. If you require a reply, please include SAE.

## WORLD OF HORROR looks at FANZINES

In issue 6, we mistakenly reported that "Little Shoppe Of Horrors", one of the best US fanzines was defunct. We have since been informed that editor Dick Klemensen is at present hard at work compiling a fourth issue, which will appear later this year. We are looking forward to it, and wish Mr. Klemensen continued success. The zine treats horror with respect and intelligence, without being heavy-handed about it, and although there are more attractive fan publications, the visual aspect is always competently presented and pleasant. "Little Shoppe Of Horrors" is available from Richard Klemensen, 608 Lakeside St., Waterloo, Iowa 50703, USA, and some back numbers may be obtainable at specialist bookshops from time to time, so check around.

**THE TERATOID GUIDE** is subtitled "The International Guide To Magazines Dealing With Science-Fiction, Fantasy And Horror Films" and is published quarterly by Claude D. Plum, Jr., P.O. Box 531, Hollywood, Cal. 90028, USA. Unfortunately, no back numbers are available. (£1.50 should be sufficient for a current issue including P&P). All sorts of fascinating material is covered, including many obscure publications of interest to the fantasy freak — for instance, there's a mag called "Japanese Monster Films", which is not for sale, but available in trade, for US and UK horror movie material. Sounds like real fun, and we'll tell you about it as soon as we can obtain a copy. There are some pithy reviews, but the guide's main function is to keep fans informed about the vast number of publications available, and there is a monthly supplement to guarantee maximum accuracy. Unfortunately this review may not be accurate, as we have only seen the July '74 issue, to date, but the TTG is still being published, and for everyone with an interest in the international fantasy scene, it's indispensable.

A brand-new zine which covers a rather neglected aspect of the genre is Kevin O'Neill's **JUST IMAGINE** — The Journal Of Film And Television Special Effects. It's intended as a bimonthly, at 15p, and issue one covers the effects in 'Towering

**Inferno**", "Earthquake" and "Space 1999". (There's an interview with the series' Special Effects director, Brian Johnson.) In addition, there's a short appreciation of the vintage disaster scenes of "The Last Days Of Pompeii". "Just Imagine" is 12 pages long, and goes into much more detail about how the illusions are actually achieved than pro zines are able to do. It's a real treat for the technically inclined effects buffs, an oft ignored element of fandom, and an entertaining read for the general fantasy lover as well.

Available from Penwith Publications, 3 Lewisham Way, London SE14.

**NOSTALGIA NEWS** is also available from Penwith. It's an American zine with plenty of good classified ads for seekers of really old films, magazines, comics and hardcovers. Number 20, which we recently obtained, concentrated primarily on reprinting a good selection of really super old comic strips, including some of the first "Alley Oops," some episodes of "Thimble Theatre — starring Popeye", "Barney Baxter", etc., etc. More for connoisseurs of "camp" than horror-lovers, but very worthwhile. 35p.

**BLACK ORACLE** is the tiniest fanzine we've come across, and there's some good reading in its miniature pages. It is edited and published by George Stover, P.O. Box 10005, Baltimore, Maryland, 21204, USA, 45p. Number 8 contained an interview with Forrest Tucker, in which that renowned figure displayed considerably more wit and intelligence than one would be likely to give him credit for, on the basis of some of his film performances. It is always a treat to see interviews with this type of second-string performer, and the Tucker piece contains much delightful information about the making of films like "The Abominable Snowman Of The Himalayas" and "The Trollenberg Terror". There's sword and sorcery fiction, poetry, good film and book reviews, and a critical piece about the overblown reaction to "The Exorcist". Recommended reading.

**FANTASY UNLIMITED** is 20p, available from Alan Austin, 180 Lower Clapton Road,

Clapton, London, E.5. The May '75 issue (26) is devoted to the vintage superhero Captain Marvel, including a compilation of conversations with artist C. C. Beck and an interesting piece by Beck himself, which illustrates just how much control unscrupulous publishers have over the work of artists and writers, plus an interview with illustrator Kurt Schaffenburger who has done a lot of work on Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen comics, among many others, in his prolific career. There is a good amount of price-availability information for the avid comic collector, a letters column, and a nice variety of newsy "Bits", and no shortage of illos. The zine is mimeo'd, which detracts from its visual appeal, but it's a good read and has much to recommend it to comic enthusiasts.

### STARZINE

is another stencil-produced zine, but editor Andy Johnson is determined to improve it visually, and in issue 3, he promises a change of format, and some expansion of scope. Number 2 was rather messy in appearance, and devoted almost entirely to comicdom. (Comics will continue to be the major topic, but Andy plans to cover other aspects of fantasy entertainment, in the future.) It included a short article on the career of pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, who derives much of his inspiration from the most stereotyped romantic comics, reviews, a look at the changes that have taken place in "The Fantastic Four", coverage of

Stan Lee's appearances at the ICA this Spring, short fiction, puzzles, letters, etc. We enjoyed it, and think with the improvements experience will bring, "Starzine" could become a favourite.

Available from Andy Johnson, Eyeball Productions, 177 High St., Ongar, Essex (20p, includes P&P).

Concluding this month's survey, we'd like to mention Dave Sutton's **SHADOW**. Although this zine, which received much praise from its readers and lasted for 21 issues is no longer being published, Dave still has a number of copies available at 40p. Sounds like a lot, but it's a first-class effort. The last issue features stylish artwork by Jim Pitts, Dave Fletcher, Brian J. Frost and David Lloyd, plus two fiction tales from Jean Ray and Gordon Larkin, and some excellent, thoughtful articles, including an appreciation of Sheridan Le Fanu by Patrick Quigley. It's a good solid read, available from David A. Sutton, 194 Station Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham B14 7TE.

Remember, if you publish a fanzine, or know of a goodie we haven't mentioned yet, let us have a copy. Some of the best horror fiction and critical commentary available today is being produced by "amateurs", and we at WOH would like to help make the general public aware of it.

## The End

### Sounds of Night

Night brings silence, and withall, fear.  
Soundless desires tread the dark hours  
to rend peacefulness from the woken mind.  
A sudden sound creates new tensions. Wind?

Goblins and fairies of sunfall transform  
by the moon-dark to black creatures formless.  
Without form to the eye, but to the mind?  
To that they are of abominous kind.

Vampires and Werewolves — Demons bright.  
Witches and Warlocks — creatures of fright.  
Devils and monsters live without light.  
Ghosts and Ghouls, the spawn of the night.

— Michael Sims

# WORLD OF HORROR

## BOOK CORNER

**THE VAMPIRE'S BEDSIDE COMPANION £3.50**  
 Leslie Frewin Publishers, Ltd., 5 Goodwin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, London, WC2 (written and edited by Peter Underwood).

Peter Underwood, well-known ghost hunter and author of *Horror Man*, (one of the first Karloff biographies) has compiled this uneven study of the vampire in fact and fiction. The fiction, alas, is not too inspiring, although the stories are at least original works by contemporary writers, and not the usual tired reprints.

Underwood provides a survey of vampires in history, with the inevitable biography of Vlad Dracula, but including many lesser known and equally fascinating reports. The book is marred by many typos, and in a few cases, one must disagree with Mr. Underwood. (Surely the "terrible wild monster," for instance, is more of a were-creature, from the evidence of texts and engravings, than a vampire, according to the usual definition). The book is also without an index, always an unfortunate omission, but there is a select bibliography.

The real highlight of this volume is Sean Manchester's absorbing account of the activities of "the Highgate Vampire." This detailed report of the manifestations is genuinely frightening, and, while one tries to retain a bit of scepticism, unusually convincing. Manchester claims to have imprisoned the undead creature by surrounding its coffin with traditional vampire deterrents and sealing the vault where it maintains its hiding place. No ritual staking was performed, however, and although the vampire's style has been cramped somewhat, and the western section of Highgate closed to the public, there have been continued reports of strange activities, including the discovery of a man bleeding to death from a throat wound in the

cemetery. Manchester presents the story most convincingly, and the reader is left thoughtful and quite scared. Worth a look. There are quite a few illustrations, including photos taken in Highgate, stills from vampire films and a series of Beardsley-esque line drawings by Geoffrey Bourne-Taylor.

### REFERENCE GUIDE TO FANTASTIC FILMS 3 volumes.

Compiled by Walt Lee. Available from Mr. Lee at 9 dollars 95 cents for each volume, 29 dollars 40 cents for the set

— PO Box 66273, Los Angeles, Ca. 90066, or Dark They Were and Golden Eyed and Cinema Bookshop £5.45 per volume.

This extraordinary accomplishment has received nothing but praise from film experts and enthusiasts all over the world, and for very good reason. Walt Lee, a physicist in "real life," has spent 25 years indexing films with any fantasy content, giving full credits and casts where available, and brief comments describing the film's supernatural scenes. There are also sections in the rear of each volume on "problem" films whose existence and/or fantastic content have not yet been determined, and "Exclusions" obscure films with often misleading titles, which are definitely NOT fantastic. We have been using the volumes here in the WOH office, and they have already proved indispensable in the few weeks we have possessed them. Incredibly, really — and as dressing there are a number of fine stills. One is tempted to burble on incoherently about the delights afforded by the REFERENCE GUIDE, but it might be best to let

two entries speak for themselves:  
 A 1964, West German/French colour ani 9 minutes.  
 Dir. & Story Jan Lenica. Music Georges Delerue. F giant letter A. Ref: MFB Jan '66 pg8; Ani/Cin p109 based on theme from Eugene Ionesco.

ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU (The Dead That Walk, Brit. title). 1957 Clover (Col.) 70 mins. (68 mins?) Prod Sam Katzman, Dir. Edward Cahn, Story: George Plympton, SP: Raymond C. Marcus, Art Dir: Paul Palmentola, Cin: Benjamin H. Kline, Edit: Jack Ogilvie. Mus. Dir: Mischa Balaleinikoff. Cast: Allison Hayes, Gregg Palmer, Autumn Russell, Joel Ashley, Morris Ankrum, Marjorie Eaton, Ray Corrigan.  
 F-H (10 zombies guard underwater treasure: they vanish when the treasure destroyed). Ref: HR & Vd March '57, MFB Oct. '57 p126 Photon 20: 39-41, 21:12.  
 See also: WHITE ZOMBIE (1932).

**FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK** by Ray Harryhausen, £6.00, Tantivy Press. Available at Foyles, Charing Cross Road, and The Cinema Bookshop, 13-14 Great Russell Street.

Many fans have been very critical of this book, and Mr. Harryhausen himself has reportedly been a bit unhappy about its inflated price, but with all its faults, it is an extremely attractive volume, which dedicated collectors will want to own.

There are over 250 photographs (most in monochrome, but there is a colour portfolio of "Golden Voyage" scenes in the latest edition) some familiar, some never before published, and very interesting. Unfortunately, the reproduction in many instances is not up to par for such a pricey book, and some pictures are extremely dark.

Harryhausen is well-known for his justifiable reluctance to reveal the secrets of his effects in great detail, and this is definitely not a textbook for the aspiring animator. Harryhausen's reminiscences and observations about his career experiences make interesting reading, though, and a very likeable and intelligent personality is indicated by his writing. I must admit I'd hesitate before laying out six pounds for this fascinating but slender book, but have a feeling that many fans will be unable to resist. I must also admit I enjoyed FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK, and recommend it to those willing to make the financial sacrifice.

**CLASSICS OF THE HORROR FILM** by William K. Everson, Citadel Press, Secaucus, N.J. 1974.

Available at the Cinema Bookshop, £5.90. This hefty volume offers some excellent critical analyses of film scholar Everson's nominations for films of "classic" status in the genre. Everyone has his or her own favourites, of course, and valid reasons for their superiority, but Everson states excellent cases for all his choices, and even when one disagrees violently with his comments, one respects the seriousness and lack of prejudice in his approach. (I must take exception, however, to his sexist remarks about the difference in reactions of boy and girl children to horror films. They appear to be based entirely on random observation and conventional myth, and would be unlikely to hold up under controlled investigation).

Many previously neglected and obscure films are given ample coverage, and the choice of stills is excellent. Countless fans have never had the opportunity to view such goodies as "The Ghoul" (1933) the original "Mystery Of The Wax Museum," "The Walking Dead," and "Strangler Of The Swamp," and it is gratifying to see these, and many more, given informed and respectful attention. CLASSICS OF THE HORROR FILM is a highly recommended investment.

To any way encourage the 'cheap-nasty' product of the genre is to be irresponsible toward the furtherance of it. WOH would, I hope, not want such a mediocre reputation — the heritage of some appalling U.S. publications...

WOH, as it develops, appears to be taking a

more intelligent view of the horror/fantasy film medium and I hope that this admirable trend continues as the magazine matures into a genuine — although, hopefully not a humourless — vehicle for the critical appreciation of the fantasy field at its widest and most meritorious.

All the best for your future progress.

Sincerely,  
 J. T. Parkes,  
 Old Town, Swindon,  
 Wilts.

To Whom It May Concern,

After reading your third issue of WORLD OF HORROR, I felt "finally the British have come up with a better pro-zine than any of our American efforts," and was compelled to write this brief note of congratulation. You've achieved a rare combination of respect for and knowledge of the genre, and an amusingly "light" style. I look forward to watching your future development.

Dennis Tremaine,  
 Jamaica, New York.

Dear Editor,

I thought it was about time I wrote to you to express my feelings about WOH. I've purchased every copy since the second issue — I missed out on the first (life's full of such tragedies) — and have been very impressed by the steady rise in the quality of the contents since the earlier, frankly abysmal issues.

It's nice to see you are covering the S.F. field as well as the horror movie area of activity, which you must admit — surely — is largely crude and moronic in appeal; where the ambitions of the producers have more to do with a quick profit than the advancement of the genre into something more critically acceptable and even — dare I suggest it? — artistic.

Sure, there have been some reasonably successful horror movies, in the sense that they instilled an authentic chill of fear within one, rather than simply turning the stomach. To name a few that achieved something more than just a sensation of nausea within the viewer: the recently televised Psycho, Witchfinder General, Black Sunday (by the very under-publicised Italian film-maker, Mario Bava, who has directed many superb horror/fantasy movies, all with a very heightened sense of atmosphere and decor). Bride of Frankenstein, King Kong, Freaks and a few others.

All these movies, in their varied ways, carried a real sense of menace and hidden, unknown physical horror. Unfortunately too many modern horror movies take their categorisation too literally, as an excuse to indulge in absurd quantities of surgical mutilation and blood-letting.

WOH, in its capacity as a commentator on horror/fantasy-inspired sources of entertainment should try to encourage the elevation of standards and dismiss or — better still — simply ignore much of the blatantly exploitative trash that robs the genre of its real power and stunts its growth and development into something more stylish, refined and compelling.

Horror movies have a pretty poor reputation among other more 'respectable' forms of celluloid escapism, it's almost deviant...

To any way encourage the 'cheap-nasty' product of the genre is to be irresponsible toward the furtherance of it. WOH would, I hope, not want such a mediocre reputation — the heritage of some appalling U.S. publications...

Mike Dunai,  
 34 Bulwer Street,  
 Rochdale, Lancs.  
 Dear Editor,  
 May I say how much I enjoy your magazine. It's a really witty, lively addition to the number of fast-growing horror mags which are now on our bookstalls.

Miss S. Maudirl,

Coventry, Warks.

# FUTURE ISSUES -

## WORLD OF HORROR



### A NEW 'BLACULA' FILM

#### DOC SAVAGE

#### ROY ASHTON'S MONSTER MAKEUP CAREER

#### 'GREEN SLIME'

#### PLUS

#### MORE SCREAMING FICTION

# EXCLUSIVE- World of Horror Interviews SHEILA KEITH



Sheila Keith, who is a native of Scotland, was trained at the Webber Douglas School of Singing and Drama in London.

Her West End work includes her performance at the Queens Theatre as 'Miss Erikson' in *PRESENT LAUGHTER*, and she appeared with Ginger Rogers at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in a 'piece de resistance'; three separate characters in *MAME*, which was a great success. Theatre work out of London includes visits to Liverpool Playhouse, Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, The Bristol Old Vic Company, Richmond, and she has appeared at the Thorndike Theatre, Leatherhead, on many occasions. Most recently she appeared at the Palace Theatre, Westcliff in *FOLLOW THAT HUSBAND*.

Television work is extensive, and includes her very successful portrayal of 'Mrs. Tallifer' a running character in the A.T.V. series, *MRS. THURSDAY*; *THE FLAXTON BOYS*, and *KATE*, Yorkshire T.V., *Z CARS*, *THE MOONSTONE*, *HEARTS AND FLOWERS*, *THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BELLONA CLUB*, *THE*

*REGIMENT*, *THE PALLISERS*, and *THE LIVER BIRDS*, B.B.C. Television, *SPRING AND AUTUMN* and *MOODY AND PEGG* for Thames Television and *FATHER BROWN* for A.T.V. Most recently she appeared as 'Mrs. Steerforth' in *DAVID COPPERFIELD*, B.B.C. Television.

Sheila's films include *YOU ARE AWFUL*, directed by Cliff Owen, *HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*, *FRIGHTMARE* and *THE CONFES- SIONAL*, all directed by Peter Walker.

She is currently filming *THE BALLET SHOES* for B.B.C. Television and is shortly to start a new series of *MOODY AND PEGG* for Thames Television as 'Aunt Ethel'.

Although Ms. Keith is a newcomer to the "horror" genre, we were so impressed by her performances in the nasty *HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*, and the even nastier *FRIGHTMARE*, that we wanted to find out more about her. Very few women have made a major mark on the history of the horror-fantasy film, but we think that given worthy material, Sheila Keith has the talent and personal appeal to do just that. Her next excursion into the macabre will be yet another Peter Walker shocker, *THE CONFES- SIONAL*, due this fall. (Our front cover is an exclusive, incidentally. A never-before-published shot of the Keith character's unfortunate end, in the up-coming film. Many thanks to Mr. Walker for his permission to print it.)

Our interviewer KAREN BYRD recently chatted with Ms. Keith about her very distinguished show business career, and her new identification with "horror" roles. The conversation took place in a BBC TV canteen during a break in the filming of *BALLET SHOES*, a children's series in which Keith has a major role.



Top: A costume role  
onstage.  
Above: In *PRESENT LAUGHTER*.  
Background: In the new  
film *CONFES- SIONAL*.

When did you first become interested in acting?  
As far back as I can remember, I just can't remember how young I was. It must have been way back in my childhood.

Did you go to the theatre a lot when you were a child?  
Yes I did. Quite a lot in Aberdeen where I was brought up.

Were your parents on the stage at all?

No they had nothing to do with it.

How did your parents react to you wanting to become an actress?

Well actually I wasn't brought up by my parents, my mother died when I was a baby and my father went abroad, so I was brought up by a sort of Granny and Grandpa and Auntie in Aberdeen.

How did they react?

Well by *that* time, I had been taken away from them to my father's side of the family — an Aunt and Uncle and they disapproved very strongly indeed they were very narrow-minded, but my mother's side were thrilled. Whatever I did was O.K. with them, but my father's side were dead against it.

Do you prefer Stage, T.V. or Film Work?

I think we all love the Theatre the best, of course Theatre work is so scarce these days.

What parts in the theatre do you prefer to play?

I like anything. I am very fond of Comedy because I think it's more difficult to do, I usually do play comedy but I enjoy whatever I do, I don't mind what it is.

Would you like to appear in a long run of a play?

I have done, I think it depends on the part you're playing and the company you're with. If you're with a nice company, it can be very enjoyable. You do get a bit tired if you have been on for a year, or fifteen months or something, it does get to be a bit of an effort.

If you were touring do you think it would make any difference?

Well I don't know. I would not like the idea of touring now, when you are younger it's O.K. but I don't think it's much fun living away from home now, and I mean things like the old theatre digs don't exist anymore.

Have you any idea why Peter Walker picked you for the part? (*HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*.)

No not a clue, Peter Walker was asked this on Capitol Radio and he said he just knew of my work, and he had this part in *Whipcord* so he asked me if I would be interested,

and I went to see him and I said yes, I'll have a crack at it. I had never done anything like this in my life, before playing this rather frightening prison wardress creature and that's how it all started

I wondered if he had seen you in anything and visualised you playing the part.

I honestly don't know

Did you enjoy playing the part?

Oh yes!

Out of the three, which did you enjoy playing the most?

I have enjoyed them all, but in very different ways. They have all been totally different, you see, I mean FRIGHTMARE's quite different from WHIPCORD, and the new film, THE CONFESSORAL is totally different, again. But super parts.

How long did it take to make them?

Four weeks! He makes the whole thing in about four weeks, Fantastic!

Do you enjoy going out on locations instead of being in a studio?

Well I have not had any experience of filming in studios. Television's quite different, I don't mind working on location. In fact, it's rather better, I think really, you're on an actual farm, or whatever.

Have you had any other offers to make Horror films?

Well, no. You see, the things that I do in between are like this thing I am doing now, and DAVID COPPERFIELD which was the last thing I did for the B.B.C. which was over Christmas, couldn't be more of a contrast. You see directors and people in T.V. know me as something entirely different, and they don't go to Horror films and probably haven't seen them, anyway

Have you seen any of your own films in the Cinema?

Well, some friends of mine wanted to see them and insisted that I went with them, so that they wouldn't be too frightened, so I had gone heavily disguised in dark glasses to the London Pavilion in the dark, if you know what I mean — but I have seen them, Peter Walker always has a preview, but I think it's quite interesting to see it with an audience.

Did you find any scenes nauseating in any of the three films?

One of the actresses was a bit upset about a scene in the new film, THE CONFESSORAL because I think she was frightfully religious. I don't really know. It is a shocking

scene I would think it will shock people very much. To me, it was just a part. I think you have to look at it like that, it's a job of work and you just have to get on with it. Did you find it a challenge making such a big switch from Comedy to Horror?

Yes it was a challenge it was like when I first said to Pete "well yes alright I'll have a go at it, and see how I get on."

Did you find yourself taking it seriously or did you play it tongue in cheek?

Oh no! Not at all, you can't do that. You see, with Peter's films we have great fun doing them, we have a good old laugh, actually, but I think one's got to be as truthful as one can, otherwise it just doesn't come off. I think in his type of horror, I mean in certain types maybe they do: do it tongue-in-cheek I just don't know —

Seeing it on the big screen, did you ever think to yourself, well, "how did I do that?"

No, not really, you just do it and there it is.

Would you mind continuing to make Horror films?

No I am only too happy to work at anything

Are you getting any mail over these Horror films?

I have had one or two very nice letters, mostly from people who know me or have met me, but I haven't had any nasty ones to my relief — particularly after

WHIPCORD, I thought I might get some letters from — er — kinky ladies but I haven't, I'm happy to say; or if I have, my agent or Peter Walker have received them, and said "Don't let her see that."

What entertainment do you prefer to go to?

Theatre or Film — something that just takes me out of myself, it could be a drama or it could be a musical — something that I just sit back and am transported into another world, but I don't think it happens much today, something where you're just swept away what I mean is a bit of glamour, I'm a bit square, a bit old-fashioned really.

Have you seen any of the epics like THE TEN COMMANDMENTS and EL CID?

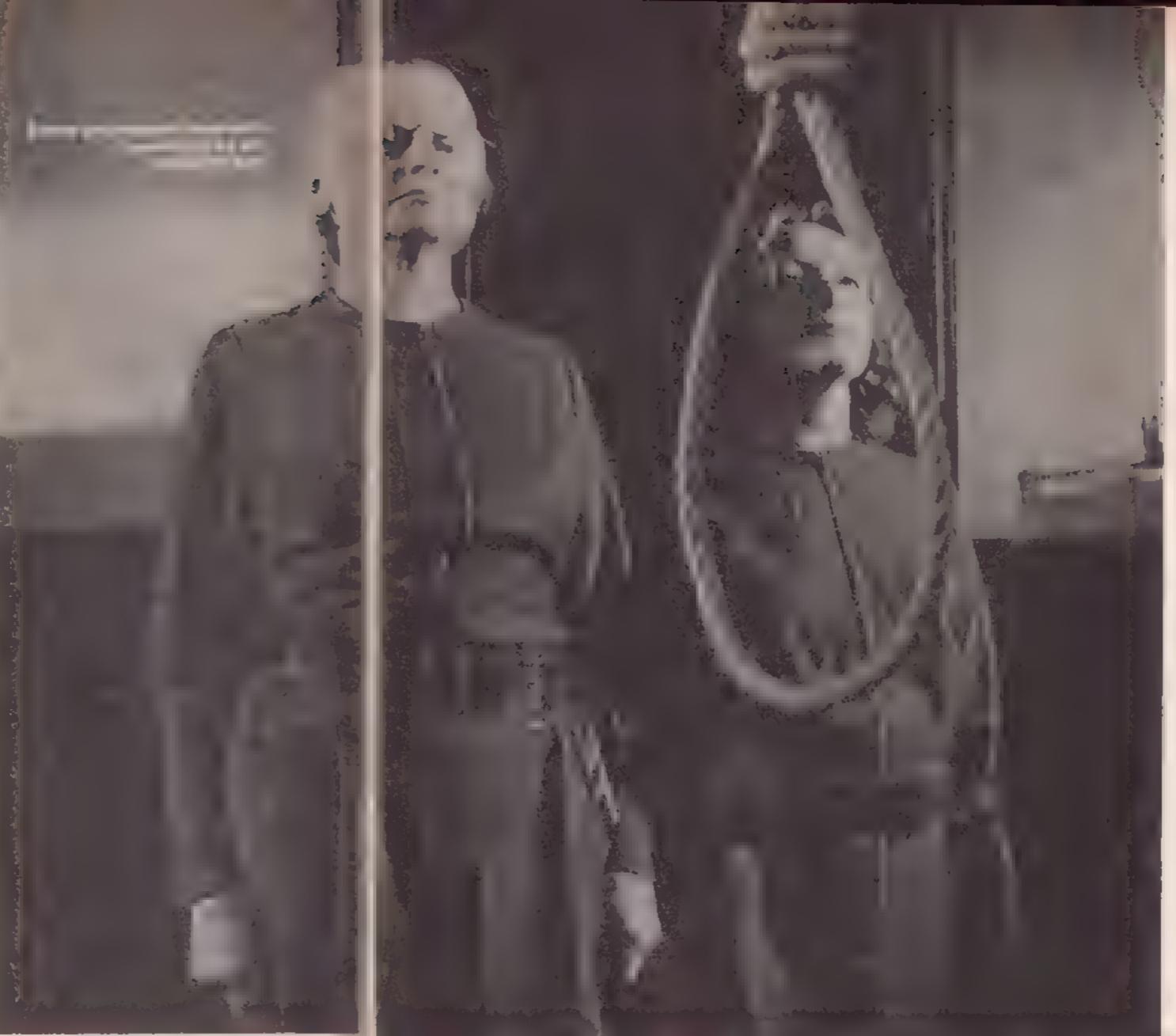
No I haven't. They don't really appeal to me.

Did you like THE SOUND OF MUSIC?

I adored that, although I thought I wouldn't.

What have you found the most challenging part to play on either Stage or screen?

I would say these Horror Films,



because they are so different to the sort of work that I have been doing. Have you ever done anything like these Horror Films before?

Well I suppose when I was in Rep. when one played the murderer or somebody with a hatchet, but not this sort of thing.

Is there any particular part you would like to play on either Stage or Film, any character?

No, nothing, I suppose there was when I was young, but I don't anymore

How did you find it working for Peter Walker?

Peter is like a one man band, and he has a marvellous crew. He has the same crew for each film, the same lighting, the same camera, the same sound, and it's marvellous it's like "one big family" they just fit in, and work with him once a year or whatever it is; it's a lovely atmosphere.

Would you tell us something about the new film you've just finished? (CONFESSORAL)

In it, I've been jilted by a priest 30 years before the film, the priest played by Tony Sharpe, and I become the house-keeper and look after his old mother (Hilda Barry), and in the film I'm just mad about him, I confess my love for him at last, and come to a nasty end

Do you think it will get any complaints from the Catholic Church?

I imagine it will be very shocking for them. Peter Walker is hoping that it will shock them, it's like with FRIGHTMARE, he said "I want people to go out halfway through clutching their stomachs. That means I've succeeded."

Did any of the scenes from FRIGHTMARE turn your stomach?

I'll tell you what did. In FRIGHTMARE, the girl I put the poker through — There had to be this shot of her, showing the hole, so the make-up man George Hayward came along with his little box and started to make this hole, and I was standing close by, and I just had to turn away, it was so realistic, and yet one knew it was make-up. I remember one of the chaps saying "Was it my imagination or did you turn green?" I said "Well I felt a bit green, it looked so real."

Do you think if Peter had a bigger budget he could do any better?

I don't know enough about it. I think they come over extremely well, but I don't understand the budgeting of film making at all.

**Do you have any trouble learning your lines?**  
No, I mean, I have to work at it, I have to preferably sit upright at a table to learn my lines, it's no good sitting back or sitting in bed or I would doze off. Some people get up at five o'clock but I have to do it at night. But that's just my way of doing it; I say it out loud and go over it and over it, I don't think it comes easily to anyone, it's different if you're rehearsing for four weeks, or something like that and you can learn it practically as you go along, of course, but with filming it's pretty swift.

**Have you ever watched a Horror Film?**

No never, and I have never been to a sex film



**Do you think they should include sex in a horror film or should they be kept separate?**

No, I think they are best kept separate. I really don't know—Would have preferred the films you made to have been costume parts?

No, not really.

**Do you believe in Censorship in films and plays?**

No, I think it's better not to have censorship. I mean, everyone has a choice. They don't have to go and watch sex or horror films, and there are people who want to watch these things; there seems to be a need for it, I don't think they should be banned, because it would drive it all underground and we would be back to what it used to be like, in clubs and back streets and things. I don't know if that's right or not.

**Do you prefer doing costume parts?**

No not really, *Copperfield* was costume. But I don't think I enjoyed it more because of that.

**How tall are you?**

Well people have often asked me this because they either say I look very tall, or like a house side, I remember when I was in *PRESENT LAUGHTER* which was on at the Queens in 1966 I played "Miss Erikson," a housekeeper in a great big tweed skirt and plimsols and I remember someone coming up to me and saying "I thought you were huge", and sometimes on television people think you're the size of a house, but I'm only 5'6½" in my bare feet. Being a bit slim makes one look a bit taller, but I think heights are very deceptive. I saw Deitrich, for instance, when she was over here, and I'd always imagined her to be very tall, willowy person, but she's quite tiny.

**Do you prefer to play to a live audience?**

Yes I think we all do; it's more rewarding, you know it's happening with a live audience. On Television you just don't know.

**Does it affect your performance playing comedy before a camera?**

No, it's just different.

**Have you done any parts where you have to sing?**

I was in *MAME* with Ginger Rogers at Drury Lane but, I was only involved in ensemble singing.

**Did you meet Ginger Rogers much?**

I did all my scenes with her, I played three parts and she was on all the time.

**Did she leave an impression on you?**

I would not be her for anything in the world, I think she's a very lonely woman in spite of all the wealth, the husbands, the mother, I mean I wouldn't mind a little of her money. I think some of these Hollywood people are like that.

**Do you think the more popular you get the more problems you have?**

Possibly, I don't know.

**You're quite happy to work all the time in small parts?**

Oh yes, yes!

**What is the new film you're doing now for the B.B.C.?**

*BALLET SHOES*. It's taken from a children's book by Noel Stretfield, she's written a lot of books, the *SECRET GARDEN* was one of hers.

This one (*Ballet Shoes*) is about three little girls who go to ballet school and I play a guardian of these children who has to take in lodgers. It's about 1935. It's a marvellous story, and I think it's being reased in October. Is it all studio work?

They have been on location, but I was not involved in it, I think they did some Theatre shots in Brighton and they have been in the country somewhere.

**You did a film with Dick Emery, *YOU ARE AWFUL*, can you tell us about it?**

I did one morning in that. I played a lady Magistrate sentencing him for pinching a dog, one speech, and I made half hour comedy with Arthur Lowe. I played a bossy wife, poor little Arthur Lowe —

**Do you find a lot of difference between film studios and t.v. studios?**

Yes. Very different.

**Do you have anything lined up after you finish *BALLET SHOES*?**

I'm going to do two episodes of *MOODY AND PEG*

**Do you mind being typecast in the Horror Films, a female Boris Karloff?**

Not a bit wouldn't mind a bit.

**What is your favourite comedy series to watch?**

I love *Morcamb & Wise*, Harry Worth and Dick Emery (Arthur Lowe walked by at that moment, Sheila commented on him)

*He's a very funny man. I used to work with him in Rep. He's a marvellous actor, he always was.*

*I think Rep. is a great grounding. I think that's what a lot of youngsters miss today. In my day, you used to have to play anything and everything, sweep the stage and make the tea, and I think that's good for you. I wouldn't have missed it for anything, it's a marvellous grounding.*

**Do you like working with children?**

*These children are delightful. Some can be little monsters, but these three were chosen out of 600 from a Ballet school, and this is something quite new for them, they are very disciplined of course, completely unspoilt and very professional, sweet, children. I love them. We are very lucky. They couldn't be nicer.*

**Do you watch yourself on the T.V. at home?**

*It's agony, but I just have to. I hate it, but I make myself do it.*

**Have you ever been completely happy with your performance?**

*No, never, I may think well that's all right, yes, that's come out all right ... It's more or less what I wanted, but I wish I could do it again.*

**Are you very critical of your own work?**

*Yes very, I usually have to have a*



**large scotch before I sit down to watch anything I'm in.**  
**If you could live your life again would you make any changes?**  
In my life, maybe but not my work, I can't imagine doing anything else I love my work. As far back as I can remember I loved playacting.  
**Did you do any acting at school?**  
Yes any chance I got, I loved it.  
**Can you remember your first part in a school play?**  
No, I can't, I think it was *EVERYMAN* but I can't remember my part, I was one of those — things — coming down the aisle, I can't remember what it was, it was so long ago  
**When did you find you could play comedies?**

I suppose in my Rep. days. That's where I found I liked it

**Did you ever work on the radio?**

I did very little, during the 50's. I was still in the theatre

**Do you think the Theatre is dead?**

No, I think it's going to come back, I think people are crying out for it, I think the provincial Theatre is definitely coming back, I really do. People who live outside of London can't afford to come to London to the theatre, it's beyond their pocket when they have to pay for a meal, the fares and the theatre. They would rather go to Brighton or Guildford or Richmond or Wimbledon

**Have you played Shakespeare?**

Very little, only in Rep.

**Do you like Shakespeare?**

Yes, some of it, but I'm not a great classic type, I don't really understand it, it has to be explained to me, (laughs).

**Is there any book you would like made into a film or play and would like to play one particular character?**

No none at all, I may have done when I was younger, but not now  
**Are you superstitious?**

Yes, I touch wood, put salt over my shoulder, and I don't like talking about a job until it happens

I think we are all like that really, I would not go and have my fortune told, I don't want to know, I would rather be surprised.

*At this point, the cast of *BALLET SHOES* was required to return to work, and the conversation had to terminate. We are most grateful to Sheila Keith for consenting to be interviewed, and hope her career continues to prosper. We look forward to seeing much more of her, both in the horror line and in straight vehicles.*

# AXOS

## THE CLAWS OF

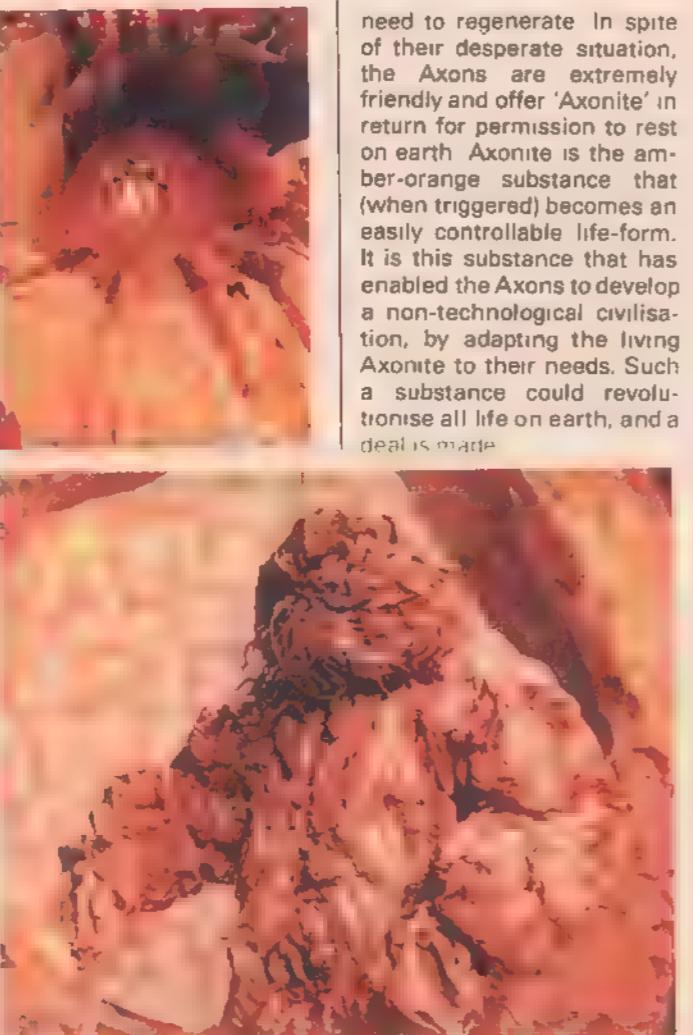
THE CLAWS OF AXOS is a Dr. Who series remembered with special fondness by many fans of the programme, so this month, we've decided to re-visit it via pictures, and the following comments by Dr. Who expert, SIMON SHORT.

In 1970, a Professor James Danielli put the scientific world into a turmoil with a claim to have created a living cell — this, he explained, was the first step to the production of animals more suited to man's society. The idea was both exciting and frightening, and most 'down-to-earth' people were prompted to consider the implications of a biological, rather than technological, civilisation. The claim was disproved, and today only a very few remember it, yet it gave Dave Martin and Bob Baker the idea for the more widely remembered *Claws Of Axos* — a four-episode 1971 Dr. Who story.

A foofa-shaped UFO lands in a desolate area of Britain and a government investigation committee arrives to inspect it, including the scientific advisor of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce (the Doctor — at that time still in exile on earth) and his assistant (Jo Grant). A closer examination of the UFO reveals it to be an amber-orange colour, of a crystalline — almost fibreglass texture, and possessing a gaping jaw-like opening at what appears to be the front. Most importantly, it is not a meteorite, but a spaceship.

The 'jaw' is discovered to be the entrance, and upon entry they realise that the ship is not a mass of mechanical wizardry, but that it is alive.

Upon passing through a



gut-like door, they are received by five humanoids with golden skin and hair, and large statuesque eyes, who tell them that they are the sole survivors of a stellar flare which has destroyed their planet — their ship is now exhausted and they

need to regenerate. In spite of their desperate situation, the Axons are extremely friendly and offer 'Axonite' in return for permission to rest on earth. Axonite is the amber-orange substance that (when triggered) becomes an easily controllable life-form. It is this substance that has enabled the Axons to develop a non-technological civilisation, by adapting the living Axonite to their needs. Such a substance could revolutionise all life on earth, and a deal is made.

The Axonite is divided equally between the earth powers in football-sized lumps — as soon as this is done, the Axonite is to be triggered off. It is now that the Doctor becomes suspicious that Axons are too good to be true, and returns

to the Axon ship to learn of their plan to activate the Axonite against the humans. He is captured by the ship's defence systems and interrogated by an eye-like organism deep in the ship. During the interrogation he discovers that the 'Axons' are themselves only parts of 'Axos' — their 'Spacecraft' — a sort of vampire of space which absorbs the life energy of whole planets, leaving the sterile wastes. Since the Humans are powerful and intelligent, a certain amount of guile is necessary — this is why Axos has had itself transported all over the world as 'Axonite'.

Axos has been attracted to Earth by the Master — an evil Time Lord who wants to destroy all life on Earth as revenge upon the Doctor who has previously thwarted two of his plans. The Master aids Axos in the activation of the Axonite, which become hideous, bulky travesties of the humanoid form, possessing root-like tendrils and wrinkled hanging skin. At the same moment the 'Axons' discard their false golden bodies and turn into similar monstrosities within Axos, the parent body. These parts of Axos attack the Earth's most important military and administrative centres. Bullets pass through them with ease and the flesh regrows. Explosives blow them apart without trouble, but the individual pieces soon grow into more creatures. A touch from one of their tendrils



reduces a human to lifeless chemicals, in a cloud of gas by product.

When victory seems near, Axos turns on the Master — forcing him, the Doctor and Jo to escape from inside it. They reach UNIT headquarters and the Doctor uses Tardis (his immobilised space/time craft) to put the parent body into a 'time loop' (to go forward in time) — as is natural — and then to be knocked back into the past of a few seconds ago... therefore the victim will only exist in the time between entering the 'loop' and being knocked back. In this way it stops existing to the rest of the universe, as the universe continues into the future leaving the victim behind. As the parent body vanishes, the Axos extinctions lose all motivation and wither.

The origin of Axos is unknown — perhaps it was a biological freak, or could be only one of a race of space vampires, or it may originally have been the creation of biological engineering by an extinct race known as the Axons who were wiped out by their 'Frankenstein's monster' — very probably Axos itself does not remember.

It is quite possible that Axos is able to absorb the minds of its victims as well as their life-forces, in which case it will have possessed the minds of the soldiers and others that it absorbed — if it possesses other members of the same race, then it seems logical that they will have been in rapport with it, in which case another Axos invasion will be more difficult to repel.

*Claws of Axos* was possibly one of the best of the 'Dr. Who' series, only slightly marred by the amorphous Axos monsters which tended to look rather more like lost souls than world conquerors when viewed really critically. On the whole, though, the story presented a delightful concept of alien life that was not, for once a super-scientific humanoid hungry for power.

WORLD OF  
**HORROR**

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# THE SPECIAL EFFECTS QUIZ

The winner of "The Special Effects Quiz" who will meet Mr. Ray Harryhausen at a later date is:

Ms. J. Wimbley,  
57 St. James' Road,  
Tunbridge Wells,  
Kent, TN1 2LA.

The following are consolation prize winners of an autographed copy of the U.S.A. Fan magazine devoted to the special effects wizard, "F.X.-R.H." and a "Golden Voyage of Sinbad" T-Shirt

Steven Begg,  
25/1 Muirhouse Parkway,  
Edinburgh, EH4 5JH.

Ross Mathieson,  
32 Hollins Grove, Fulwood,  
Preston,  
Lancs., PR2 3TT.

Stephen Moss,  
16 Meadoway,  
Sale,  
Cheshire, M33 4PP

Marcus Noonan,  
10 McArthur Terrace,  
Charlton,  
London, SE7.

Stephen Pearson,  
844 Beverley High Road,  
Hull,  
North Humberside.

John Stevenson,  
The Brown Cottage,  
Tyler's Green,  
Hayward's Heath,  
Sussex, RH16 4BW.

John Swinnerton,  
41 Queen Street,  
Audley,  
Stoke on Trent,  
Staffs, TS5 3JQ.

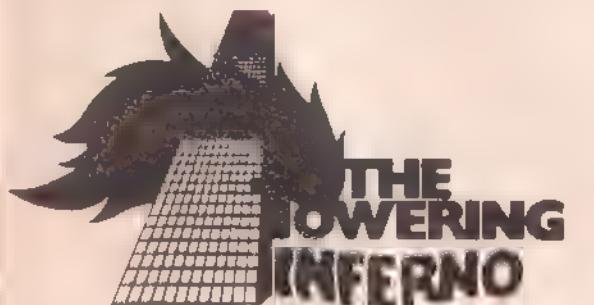
George E. Wall,  
145 Whitehill Road,  
Brinsworth,  
Nr. Rotherham,  
Yorkshire.

S. Williamson,  
31 Woodgate Close,  
Bredbury,  
Near Stockport,  
Cheshire, SK6 2JX.

A. Wrightman,  
14 Canterbury Close,  
Mansfield Woodhouse,  
Notts.

We'd like to take the opportunity to thank all the knowledgeable WOH readers who submitted erudite entries to the competition. Paragon of patience Mr. Richard Green of Columbia/Warner who supervised and served as a judge certainly had his hands full, and we'd like to extend heartfelt thanks to him, as well.

In a future issue, we shall provide details of the winner's visit with Mr. Harryhausen and his fascinating creations.



While we're on the subject of competitions, we'd also like to thank the many hundreds who responded so enthusiastically to our recent TOWERING INFERNO MAZE CONTEST. We were delightfully deluged for weeks, and only wish we could provide prizes for all the entrants. The first five correct solutions came from

The following master maze-solvers will receive the T-shirt plus a TOWERING INFERNO badge

S. M. Bainbridge,  
Northallerton, N. Yorkshire.  
Jeff Toschlog, East Molesey,  
Surrey.  
Patrick Lynch, Kildare, Eire.  
Nicholas Honeysett, Luton,  
Beds.  
David Setrap, Wallasey,  
Merseyside.

Donald Dunlop, Birkdale,  
Southport, Lancs.  
N. Fancourt, Winchester,  
Hants.  
Raymond Coss, Dublin,  
Eire.

Mark Cutts, Neasden,  
London.  
Mark Finch, Cambridge.

These happy few will receive the soundtrack album and a trendy TOWERING INFERNO T-shirt.

Peter Coleman, Southsea,  
Hants.  
Mrs. N. Wheat, Mapperley,  
Nottingham.  
G. Dowie, Hatfield, Herts.  
Andrew Everton, Leicester.  
Bill Caddell, Edinburgh.  
John Stewart,  
Renfrewshire, Scotland.  
Colin Bowden-Brown,  
Saltash, Cornwall.  
Ibridi Gianni, Oxford.  
Noel Wells, Tipperary, Eire.  
Gary Jones, Swansea.  
Kangel, Billingham,  
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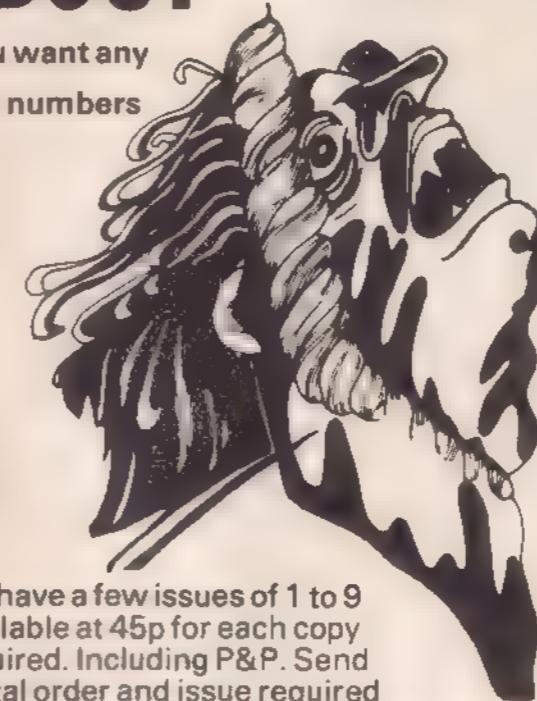


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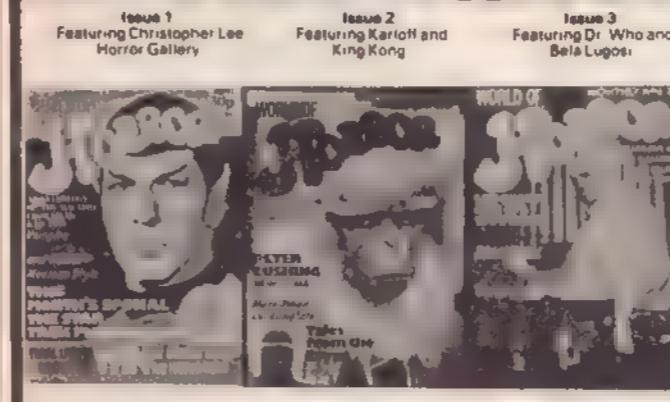
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A scene from THE SPECTRE, above.

Of Art for a time. Frustrated by her failure to gain recognition, she turned to acting in rep as a means of support. Her first appearance in a professional production found her working with Robert Morley in a comedy. Things were pretty chaotic, as Steele suffered badly from "stage fright," and on one occasion dropped a trayful of tea all over the stage.

She persevered, and achieved success portraying the heroine (a witch) of John Van Druten's **BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE** at the Citizen's Theatre in Glasgow. One night, the audience included a "talent scout" from the then-gigantic J. Arthur Rank Organisation, who invited her to attend a screen test. It was successful, and Steele signed a long-term contract with Rank. One of the stipulations was mandatory attendance at the

## The Career of Barbara Steele

Barbara Steele has appeared in relatively few films, most of them of indifferent quality, yet she managed during her acting career to make a profound impression on many fantasy-film enthusiasts (particularly male-types...) with her peculiar good looks and intense acting style. Although she has officially retired from acting, she has been seen on American TV's **NIGHT GALLERY** (Co-starring with young Richard Thomas of **THE WALTONS** in a very unpleasant tale of mediaeval superstition) and in **HONEYMOON WITH A STRANGER**, as well as making an appearance in a sexploitation quickie called **CAGED WOMEN**.

This month, we're turning over our typewriter to film freak **GARY PARFITT**, whose long-time interest in the career of this unusual "cult" actress has provided him with a treasure trove of rare background material on an elusive subject, which he has graciously offered to share with us.

**B**ARBARA Steele made her earthly debut on 29th December, 1937 (same birthday as Frederico Fellini, who was later to direct her in his celebrated **8½**) in Ireland. She took an early interest in the arts, which was indulged by her grandparents, who renovated an old barn into a "theatre" for young Barbara and her cousins.

One of her first efforts was **SNOW WHITE**, in which she rather unprofessionally ingested the crucial prop (a "poisoned" apple) causing much confusion amongst her fellow fledgling performers when the time came for its appearance on stage. The family was fairly well-off, despite the war, and Barbara was given the opportunity to attend several

boarding schools, including A. S. Neal's celebrated **SUMMERHILL**. She recalls her time there with great enthusiasm, maintaining that she "learnt to cope with life on a very human, not materialistic, level." Education at Summerhill, although academically sound, was most unconventional in its encouragement of the pupils' individual interests, and lack of concern with bourgeois proprieties. "The idea," Steele reminisces, "was to help us develop absolute freedom. The girls and boys were even permitted to sleep with each other, if they wished."

Although interested in the theatre and cinema, Steele's main ambition has always been to establish herself as a painter. Her parents, although they approved of the arts as a spare-time occupation, were not overly keen on Barbara's trying to make a career at the easel, but she was undaunted, and attended the Chelsea School

Continued overpage





Left: Character study from THE SPECTRE.

THE SPECTRE, again — below left.

Steele during Fox contract days, below.

CASTLE OF BLOOD, top right.

FACELESS MONSTER, below right.

CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR, bottom right.



LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO. (NB: English titles of Steele's continental films are included, where known, in the checklist).

Meanwhile, she was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with her stultifying, if fairly lucrative position at Rank. Suddenly, superstar Cary Grant was quoted as saying he would love to make a film with Barbara Steele. Always quick to capitalise on good publicity, Rank offered to transfer her contract to Grant for a huge sum, and 20th Century-Fox hopped on the Steele bandwagon, made a bid for her services, and won. Through this set of curious, not to say bizarre, chances, Steele found herself in Hollywood, under contract, to Fox, but with very little to do but play "starlet," (a role with little appeal to her).

She was subjected to more "charm school"-type indignities, like having her hair unbecomingly bleached blonde, having her ears glued back for public appearances, and being forbidden to appear in high heels, as this fashionable footgear rendered her "too tall."

One of her more printable comments about this phase of her career was "God, it was such a ghastly period — Jesus!!!!"

Providence intervened, and during an actors' strike, she sneaked out of America to accept Bava's invitation to appear in *LA MASCHERA DEL DEMONIO*. The noted cameraman's directorial debut was greeted with great enthusiasm by horror-lovers, and great horror by the censors, who managed to keep the film out of the UK for nearly seven years (it first

appeared here in 1967) on the grounds of its being "sadistic and nasty." Steele, however, had made her mark in the genre.

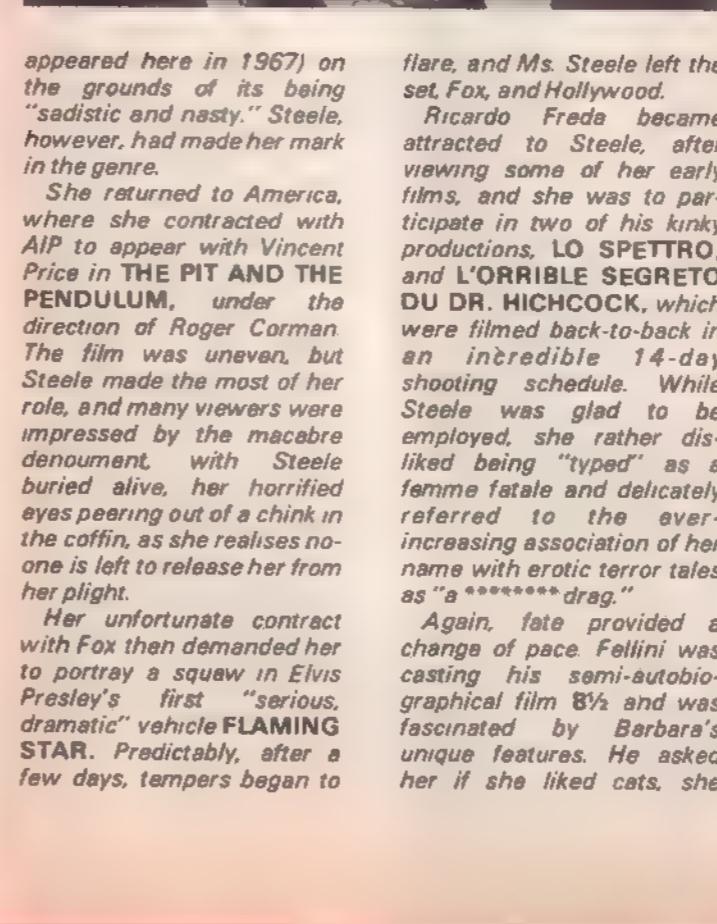
She returned to America, where she contracted with AIP to appear with Vincent Price in *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM*, under the direction of Roger Corman. The film was uneven, but Steele made the most of her role, and many viewers were impressed by the macabre denouement with Steele buried alive, her horrified eyes peering out of a chink in the coffin, as she realises no one is left to release her from her plight.

Her unfortunate contract with Fox then demanded her to portray a squaw in Elvis Presley's first "serious, dramatic" vehicle *FLAMING STAR*. Predictably, after a few days, tempers began to

flare, and Ms. Steele left the set, Fox, and Hollywood.

Ricardo Freda became attracted to Steele, after viewing some of her early films, and she was to participate in two of his kinky productions, *LO SPETTRO*, and *L'ORRIBILE SEGRETO DU DR. HICHCOCK*, which were filmed back-to-back in an incredible 14-day shooting schedule. While Steele was glad to be employed, she rather disliked being "typed" as a femme fatale and delicately referred to the ever-increasing association of her name with erotic terror tales as "a \*\*\*\*\* drag."

Again, fate provided a change of pace. Fellini was casting his semi-autobiographical film *8½* and was fascinated by Barbara's unique features. He asked her if she liked cats, she



replied in the affirmative, and was hired on the spot by the eccentric director. Unfortunately, much of her part was cut before the film's release, including a titillating dance number in which Barbara undulated about a room full of candles, which she would occasionally pause and fondle suggestively. The male chauvinists of the world were deprived of this treat when friends alerted Fellini that he had unknowingly filmed scenes that appeared to be blatant copies of moments in another well-known film, *L'ECLIPSE*. Rather than be accused of plagiarism, Fellini decided to scrap the footage. Steele is still seen in "8½", but her role is reduced to a cameo.

Determined to branch out from fantasy films, Steele consented to appear in a exploitation flick (*L'ARMANDA BRANCALEONE*) swash-bucklers like *IL CAPITANO DI FERRER* and even domestic comedies (viz. *LE MONOCLE RIT JAUNE*) however, her talents were still most frequently sought for horror movies.

Thus, she found herself filming a confused tale of love and murder for Antonio

Margherita, *LA DANZA MACABRA*, in which she and Margaret Robshaw were required to mime a lesbian love scene. Robshaw freaked out at the prospect of kissing Steele ... "It was terrible!" the latter recalls. "Margherita became very angry with her, finally tried telling her, 'Believe you are kissing Ugo (Robshaw's husband Ugo Tognazzi) not Barbara.' Anyway, a compromise was reached, and I still don't know if it was included in the release print." (Not in the version I saw... Ed.)

Although eroticism has been the core of Steele's acting life, she maintains that she has never appeared topless in any film, and doubles were used in scenes requiring nudity. However, some years ago in Belgium I met a fellow Steele admirer who showed me a copy of an Italian film magazine featuring nude pictures of the star (apparently taken from *LES HEURES DE L'AMOUR* or *CINQUE TOMBE PER UN MEDIUM*) which were quite convincing, not to mention aesthetically edifying. Admittedly, nudity is not the prime factor in eroticism, but

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as far as this particular actress is concerned, it adds the "icing to the cake."

In her personal life, Steele is far from a reticent person, and has something of a reputation for salty "off-the-cuff" remarks designed to squelch the most persistent would-be-interviewer. For example, whilst visiting the 1956 SF Festival in San Sebastian, she was asked what her prime ambition in life was. Without batting an eyelid, she purred, "I want to \*\*\* the entire world." (Steele is determined to keep her private life to herself, and never hesitates to use her skilled command of rude

language and obscene metaphor to discourage prying journalists.)

of Steele's films very difficult indeed. Take *AMANTI D'OLTREOMBIA*, which was probably atrocious enough in its original state. By the time the BBFC had had their way with it, its running time was reduced from 105 to 73 minutes! Why bother? To complete the carnage, it was released under the totally irrelevant title of *THE FACELESS MONSTER*.

Steele made her only appearance in a British fantasy film for Vernon Sewell, in *CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR*. The late Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee and Michael Gough were also involved in this sadly disappointing film. Despite

an interesting idea and the top-flight cast of fantasy veterans, the script was too muddled and the direction too mundane for success.

Thoroughly fed up with the "horror" scene, Steele announced her intention of "never climbing out of another \*\*\*\*\* coffin again, as long as I live," and went so far as to announce her retirement from film work in general "to avoid the fading girlhood bit." Happily married to screenwriter James Poe in 1968, she gave birth to a child the next year, and kept her resolution to avoid the limelight and concentrate on her first love, painting, and on her family. Her whereabouts since her retirement have been a constant subject of speculation to her still-bewitched fans. At various times she has been reported living in the U.S., France and Italy. (A reliable source has placed her "definitely" in Italy as of this writing... Ed.) She did pop up at a meeting of the American COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY (not to be confused with our similarly named London organisation) to accept an award for her contribution to the genre, in 1973.

#### The Films Of Barbara Steele Checklist I (Films)

**BACHELOR OF HEARTS** (UK) 1959 d. Wolf Rilla  
**THE THIRTY NINE STEPS** (UK) 1959 d. Ralph Thomas  
**SAPPHIRE** (UK) 1959 d. Basil Dearden  
**UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS** (UK) 1959. d. Ralph Thomas  
**REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE** (Italy) ('Le Maschere del Demone', 'Black Sunday') 1960 d. Mario Bava  
**THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM** (US) 1961. d. Roger Corman  
**THE TERROR OF DR. HITCHCOCK** (L'Orribile segreto de Dr. Hitchcock) 1962 d. Ricardo Freda  
**THE SPECTRE** ('Lo Spettro') (Italy) 1962. d. Ricardo Freda  
**FELLINI'S 8½** (Italy) 1962 d. Federico Fellini  
**IL CAPITANO DI FERROR** (Italy) 1963 d. Sergio Giorgio  
**LES BAISERS** (France/Italy) 1963. d. Jean-François Hauduroy  
**LE VOCS BIANCHE** (Italy) 1963. d. Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Franciosca  
**UN TENTATIVO SENTIMENTAL** (France/Italy) 1963. d. Pasquale Festa Campanile and Massimo Franciosca  
**LE ORE DELL'AMORE** (Italy) 1963. d. Luciano Salce  
**CASTLE OF BLOOD** ('La Danza Macabra') (France/Italy) 1963 d. Antonio Margheriti  
**LONG HAIR OF DEATH** ('I Lunghi Capelli Morte') (Italy) 1964 d. Antonio Margheriti  
**I MANIACI** (Italy) 1964 d. Lucio Fulci  
**AMORE FACILE** (Italy) 1964. d. Gianni Puccini  
**REVENGE OF THE BLOOD BEAST** ('La Sorella di Satana') 1964 d. Michael Reeves  
**LE MONOCLE RIT JAUNE** (France/Italy) 1964. d. Georges Lautner  
**L'ARMANTA BRANCALEONE** (Italy) 1965 d. Mario Monicelli  
**FACELESS MONSTER** (L'Amanta D'Oltretomba) Italy. 1965 d. Mario Caiano  
**TERROR CREATURES FROM THE GRAVE** ('Cinque tombe per un Medium') (Italy) 1965 d. Romano Ferrara  
**YOUNG TORLESS** ('Der Junge Torless') (Germany) 1965. d. Volker Schondorff  
**ISOLDI** (Italy) 1965 d. Gianni Puccini and G. Cavedon  
**AN ANGEL FOR SATAN** ('Un Angelo per Satana') (Italy) 1966 d. Camillo Mastrocinque  
**CURSE OF THE CRIMSON ALTAR** (UK) 1968. d. Vernon Sewell  
**CAGED WOMEN** (US) (1973)

#### Checklist Part II (Television)

**DIAL 999** (UK)  
**DANGER MAN** Episode entitled 'Man on the Beach' (UK)  
**ADVENTURES IN PARADISE** (US)  
**ALRED HITCHCOCK HOUR** (US)  
**I SPY** (US)  
**ONCE UPON A TRACTOR** (UN/US)  
**NIGHT GALLERY** (US)  
**HONEYMOON WITH A STRANGER** (US/SPAIN)



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# THE BRAIN-EATERS

## by Frank Belknap Long

(author of *The Man with a Thousand Legs*, *The Space-Eaters*)

While the weird tales of FRANK BELKNAP LONG that were published in the 20s and 30s showed the influence of H. P. Lovecraft as indeed they should — he and HPL were friends and correspondents for many years — they were never "imitations" of the Sage of Providence; from the very first story, *Death Waters*, Long showed a unique personality and viewpoint on horror and strangeness.

STEPHEN WILLIAMSON, anthropologist, and archeologist, stood at the rail of the *Morning Star* and watched the dim grey shape of the long boat shed its hazy indistinctness as the sun penetrated the fog and threw ruddy curlicues athwart the gleaming gun-whales. From where Williamson was standing the occupants of the boat were distinctly visible. They sat immobile, in grotesque attitudes, and when Williamson hailed them they made no response. Williamson craned forward over the rail, studying them intently out of blood-shot eyes. Then, suddenly, his body went tense, and a cold horror descended upon him. He turned abruptly, cupping his hands, and shouted out a frantic warning to the first mate, who was standing rather nonchalantly amidships with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets.

"Keep away from her! Ease her off! For God's sake —

"What's that?" The mate strode to the rail and glanced anxiously over the side. But from where he was standing the boat was not visible. He was obliged to repeat his query to Williamson, who occupied, for the moment, the position of ship's guardian. Below in his cabin the captain was raving impotently, his brain unhinged by liquor and fever.

"What did you say, Steve?"  
"I said — stay clear of her!"

"Why?"

"Cholera, I think. Anyhow, it's awful! A death-trap. Keep clear of her."

In a moment the mate was by Stephen's side, staring with horror at the boat and its contents. It was drifting aimlessly in a long swell, its rudder askew and trailing sea-moss, its oarlocks sodden with caked salt and a darker, more disturbing ingredient that

looked, from a distance, like caked blood. The mate gripped Williamson's arm. "They've been dead for weeks," he muttered, hoarsely. "Every man of 'em. They're nothin' more than skeletons." He spat to conceal his emotion. "Every man of 'em. God, Steve —"

"Look therel!" Williamson had raised his arm and was pointing excitedly at the tallest of the seven skeletons.

The mate grew dizzy with horror. A choking, gurgling sound issued from his throat, and his hand tightened on his companion's arm till the latter cried out in shrill protest. "Steady, Jim!" Then, after a pause, "It was cannibalism. Nothing else. But I can understand it, Jim. If the poor devils were insane, crazed —"

"But his head," the mate protested hysterically. "They couldn't eat that. Why did they cut off his head?"

The headless man sat bolt upright in the boat. He was clothed in stained grey trousers of woollen texture and a coarse seaman's shirt of alternating black and white stripes open to the waist. His feet were bare and sun-scorched. One arm, severed at the wrist, dangled forlornly from beside the oarlocks, rising and falling with the slow oily swell. The other was outstretched, as though it had been endeavoring, at the instant of death, to ward off the attack of something malign and unspeakable. On several parts of the hairy, exposed chest were dark and ominous stains. The muscles of the torso stood out so rigidly in the half-light that they were discernible at a distance of fifty feet.

But despite his mutilations and imperfections the headless man was easily the most commanding figure in the boat. The other occupants were pitiable in the extreme. They sprawled against the gunwales in attitudes of

abject despair — mere husks of flabby skin over protruding bones, with skull-like faces and rigid, immobile arms. The sea had had its way with them. They were not merely dead; they were beginning, slowly, to blacken and shrivel and putrefy.

"It isn't cholera," said Stephen grimly.

The mate nodded. "You're right, I guess." His voice sounded hollow and unfamiliar even to his own ears. The strangeness of its timbre appalled him. He glanced almost hysterically at his companion. How, he wondered, could the man remain so cool? He had hitherto been so emotional, so easily upset. Yet now, somehow, the scientist in him was rising to the occasion, was astonishing the mate by his assurance and poise.

"We may as well lower a boat," said Stephen decisively. "I want to know precisely what happened. It's utterly ghastly, but I've got to know."

Thirty minutes later a decidedly ill scientist crossed the deck of the *Morning Star* in a strangely indirect fashion; crossed the deck in a semi-daze and gripped the rail till his knuckles showed white. For a moment he stood watching a Portuguese man-of-war scudding over the oily sea, his gaze riveted on the weirdly beautiful polyp till it disappeared in the purple haze fringing the horizon. Then, abruptly, he wheeled and met the inquisitorial scrutiny of the mate.

"Well?"

"I told Harris to put — sew sheets on the bodies," said Stephen in a cold and lifeless voice. "The least we can do is give them a decent burial."

The mate shivered. "I hope we can get it over with soon. A crew of dead men don't suit my fancy. If the captain should see 'em — in his condition, you

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know, it wouldn't be pleasant I told Simpson to keep watch on the old man."

"I'm more concerned about the crew," said Stephen slowly. "They've been whispering and muttering ever since we brought the bodies aboard. Frightened blue, I guess I don't know as I blame them. If they could see this diary" — Stephen tapped his pocket significantly — "they might — run amuck. To tell you the truth, Jim, it's got me frightened. I don't know what to think."

The mate moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. "It's crazy gibberish, Steve," he muttered. "They went through hell, apparently, and it's my guess this fellow Henderson cracked up under the strain. Bein' an officer and a gentleman — well, anyone could see he was only a frightened kid. I don't think I ever saw a man's face so drawn and despairful-lookin'."

Stephen removed a weather-stained memorandum book from his pocket and began nervously to finger the pages. "There are things here, Jim," he said, "that you can't argue away. Descriptions, details. I'm convinced those men encountered something appalling. No thirst-crazed lunatic could have been so devilishly, inhumanly *logical*. Henderson remained courageously cool-headed to the very last. This entry shows what stuff the kid was made of."

Stephen had opened the book, and as the mate stared silently down into the almost motionless sea he began, slowly, to read

"They want our brains. Last night one of them got in touch with me. It laid its cool face against my forehead and spoke to me. I could understand everything it said. A terrible death awaits us if we do not obey them implicitly. They want Thomas. We are to make no attempt to thwart or resist them when they come for him.

"Later. — They came for Thomas last night. They did not take all of him. He is sitting before me now, I can see his broad shoulders and back as I write. They are limned very terrible against the glare of the sunset, and they obtrude with a terrible vividness. His presence is a perpetual horror, but we dare not throw him overboard. They would not approve.

"I am perfectly sane. The horror has not dulled in any way my perception of the visible realities about me. I know that I am adrift in the Pacific, fifty miles perhaps off the coast of Salvador, and that I am compelled to endure the presence of a headless corpse and five cowardly fools who gibber and moan like baboons merely because they lack guts and haven't sufficient water. My

own stoicism bewilders and amazes me. Why is it that my hand does not tremble as I write, that I can remain so observant, so calm? It may be that I have lost all capacity to suffer. We have passed into a strange world — an alien and utterly incomprehensible world which makes the fears and agonies of common life seem curiously impersonal and remote

"We have abandoned all hope of a possible rescue. Nothing can save us from *them*. It is amazing how completely I have resigned myself to the inevitable. Three days ago we were as confident as the devil. Why, we actually jested when the *Mary O'Brien* went down. Red Taylor called it a natty dive. She went down bow first. It was an enormously impressive spectacle. The water about her was a white maelstrom for full five minutes.

"It's only a few miles to the coast," I told them, "and we've enough water to last us a fortnight. We'll row in relays."

"They are squat and slimy, with long gelatinous arms and hideous, bat-like faces. But I have reason to suspect they can change their form at will. For hours our ears were assailed by a horrible, maddening droning, and then — we saw them. We saw them glistening in the moonlight. All about us the sea was carpeted with their luminous, malignant faces. There was nothing we could do. We were helpless — stunned.

"They are not animals. They are imbued with a cold, unearthly intelligence. We have drifted into strange waters. Our compass revolves so maddeningly that it is useless as a guide. I have a theory — incredible, fantastic — would account for all that has occurred, but I dare not confide it to the others. They would not understand. They are convinced, even now, that the things are fantastic fishes. They do not know that I have communicated with *them*. They did not see me last night when I left the boat and went with *them* into the abyss.

"They were deceived by the presence of my physical body, which remained with them in the boat. They did not suspect that I had descended into the dark, cold abyss.

"They were strangely reticent. They merely confided to me that they wanted Thomas' brain. They feed, it seems, on human brains, and of all our brains Thomas' is the most finely organized. It is compact, imaginative, sensitive. He is a semi-illiterate A.B.S., but his brain is first-rate. What interests them primarily is not so much the culture or cultivation which a brain has acquired, but simply its naked intelligence. They experience strange, vivid new emotions and sensations when they feed on unspoiled human brains. But they do not really eat our brains. Rather, they

suck, absorb them. They wrap themselves tightly about human heads, and suck out the contents of the cranium through the eyes and nostrils.

They do not always carry away the heads which they desire to use in this fashion. Occasionally they merely extract the brain while the victim is asleep. In such cases the poor wretch is certain to awake a raving maniac. Sightless — and a maniac. The other way is more merciful. I am glad that they severed Thomas' head and took it away. The presence of his body is a horror and a madness — but it is reassuring to know that he has ceased to suffer. The men are showing the effects of the torture. Brett has been whimpering pitifully for hours and Lang is as helpless as an infant. They want to throw Thomas' body into the sea, but I won't give my consent.

"They live at the bottom of the sea and are not a part of our familiar world. They inhabit another dimension. By some ghastly and inexplicable mischance we have passed into another dimension of space. We have passed into an extension of the three-dimensional world. The existence of these creatures confirms the wildest speculations of theosophists and mystics, who have persistently maintained that man is not the only intelligent inhabitant of the globe — that there are other worlds impinging on ours. Above the familiar seas of the world are imposed other invisible seas inhabited by strange and hideous shapes utterly unlike anything with which we are familiar. There is not one Pacific Ocean merely. Occupying the same space in another dimension are invisible Pacifics inhabited by strange shapes with hidden, malevolent powers. We have, unaccountably, sailed into one of these invisible worlds. We have passed from the coast of Salvador to the seacoast of an alien world.

"It is a terrible world. Its denizens are more malignant than vampires. They raven on the brains of lost travellers from the three-dimensional Pacific. "They will fasten upon his skull and drain it dry. His eyes will be drawn from their sockets and his brain will melt and dissolve like tallow in the sun. Their moist, dark mouths..

"I had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion when they came for me and compelled me to follow them down through the blue depths to their strange, blue-lit city on the sea's floor.

"My body remained in the boat, but my brain was with them at the bottom of the sea. They can separate the brain temporarily from the body without any physical sundering. They were careful to explain to me why I should not share the fate of Thomas. They need me. I have been enjoined to guard Thomas' body — to keep the others from throwing it into the sea.

"Another ship has passed into this

strange and hideous world. On it there is a brain which they covet — an extraordinary brain of a scientist and poet. They desire to absorb it, and they desire to absorb it while it is afire with curiosity and maddened by fright. When they absorb a highly evolved brain that is keyed up to a pitch of wild excitement they experience the most intense ecstasy and rapture. So peculiarly are they constituted that they are capable of deriving the most piercing pleasure from highly evolved, highly inflamed cerebral tissue in our world rare or alien manifestations of energy like radium, cosmic rays and things of that kind react most violently on terrestrial organisms and it is very conceivable that in this other world animal tissue — especially such highly evolved tissue as one finds in human brains — reacts with a similar intensity upon the alien body substances of these creatures.

"The scientist — the man who is coming — has a brain which excites them immeasurably. They are determined to frighten and inflame it, and they think that if its possessor encounters Thomas sitting upright in the boat, headless and ghastly, it will become a rare delicacy and afford them the most exquisite rapture. They have asked me to help them and I dare not refuse. But I can at least record what I know and suspect in this book, and if he is not a blind fool he will strive to escape.

"I fear, though that he is lost — hopelessly and irremediably lost.

"Like us he has in some mysterious way passed into another world. The ship which bears him has been drawn

sucked into some great vacuum or vent in three-dimensional space and is now in an utterly alien world. A black and abysmal world. Nothing on Earth can save him. His naked intelligence, perhaps — but nothing on Earth. The brain-eaters will not spare him.

"They will fasten upon his skull and drain it dry. His eyes will be drawn from their sockets and his brain will melt and dissolve like tallow in the sun. Their moist, dark mouths..

"I am very ill. The ocean about me is captured with leering, malignant faces. The others see them, too. Brett is cringing and whining and foaming at the mouth like an epileptic, and Adams has collapsed against the gunwale. Blood is trickling from his nose and his eyes are drawn inward. His is a mask — a corpse-mask. There is nothing we can do or say. We sit lifelessly by the oars and stare at Thomas' ghastly body, which has become a mockery, a menace I have resigned all hope."

Williamson closed the book and glanced anxiously at the man beside him. "Wouldn't you say, Jim, that there

was something behind it?"

Jim looked exceedingly ill. "I don't know. It's all so very queer — uncanny. If there's any truth in it it's your brain they're after."

Williamson nodded. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Jim. I'm going to sleep on deck tonight. I'll bring up my cot and sleep here. I'll feel safer, somehow, on deck."

The mate lowered his head. "I'd do that," he said, simply.

It was midnight when Williamson awoke and sat up. The moonlight lay in bright, luminous stripes on his cot and the wet planks of the deck. The life-boats stood out boldly in the silver light, and from where he lay three huge water-barrels and a great pile of tarred rope were plainly visible. At first Williamson saw only these dim, familiar shapes; the water-barrels, the rope, the lifeboats swaying reassuringly in the wind. Then, slowly, he became aware of something dark and cumbersome, something opaque that obscured his vision and concealed a portion of the second barrel, something that made a pie-shaped dent in the pile of cordage. He rubbed his eyes; slowly, at first, then violently, hysterically. *A dark shape was clinging to the heavy netting above his bed.*

For a moment he stared at it in stark bewilderment. Then a great horror came upon him and he shrank back against the pillows. It was clinging to the netting and moving backward and forward like a great, slow-moving beetle. It was a moving blot, concealing the stars — a fetid dark blot against the spectral moon.

Nausea welled up within him. He started to rise, and then, suddenly, grew sick with terror incalculable. The strength ebbed from his limbs and his mind refused to function. He lay supine upon the coarse sheets, too stricken to move or cry out. The thing was slowly changing its shape. It was assuming a more definite contour, was waxing more malignant and agile. Stephen's eyes followed it helplessly as it moved up and down the netting. It was acquiring sight. It was acquiring the loathsome capacity to return his stare. Two luminous spots glowed malevolently down at him from its crawling bulk.

It was globular, and wet. From its dark sac-like body depended eight squirming tentacles. Or were they limbs? It was impossible to be certain. They were so maddeningly weaving and indistinct, at one moment swelling in girth, and then becoming so incredibly wire-like that they seemed to merge with the mesh of the netting which susutained them. But that the arms ended in thin, claw-like hands he did

not for a moment doubt. The hands were too constantly visible, too patently sinister. They fumbled with the netting, as though seeking to draw it apart.

He managed, somehow, to rise upon his elbows, to extend, invitingly, his exposed throat. It was not death he feared. It was the torture, the suspense. He could no longer bear to look into the horror's eyes. He had endured with agonised fortitude the sight of its drooling, bat-like mouth, and the odor of putrefaction, the sea-strech which surged from it; and even the fetid, fleshless hands with their long luminous fingers had not incited him to complete surrender. But its eyes held a threat which could not be evaded or endured. He did not want them to come any closer. If the hands broke through and the eyes came closer...

It was better to surrender unreserved to the hands. So he raised himself on his elbow and bared his throat. It was a full minute before he perceived that he had been mistaken and that the hands were not seeking his throat.

They were busily engaged in recovering from the wet deck a large, round object of disturbingly familiar appearance. The thing had evidently been compelled to lay this object down for a moment in order to facilitate its ascent to the netting above Williamson's bed, and it was now intent on recovering its gruesome trophy. Slowly, deliberately, it raised the object in its terribly thin arms, caressing and fondling it, holding it very close, for a moment, to its moist and bulbous mouth. And in that same instant a hideous droning that was like the thrum of huge engines in some vast and reverberant power-plant, smote menacingly on Williamson's ear. It was not the droning, however, which drove Williamson shrieking from the bed and across the deck in a straight dash toward the rail. It was something much more unendurable than any sound on earth.

It was the sight of a face, blue-cheeked and tortured, with matted red beard and white, pupilless eyes — a face distraught, yet immobile — a face that grimaced and glowered, and yet remained strangely, alarmingly impulsive — the face of a dead man, the face of a corpse. There were dark stains above the temples, and the matted hair and beard were clotted with blood. The head was neckless — unattached. It seemed to float upon the air. In reality, however, it was being held very firmly in the terribly thin arms of something that wanted Williamson's brain, that wanted to do to Williamson what it had done to the object it was so proudly exhibiting. It was displaying the object unashamedly to Williamson because it



Two strong hands descended upon the mate's shoulders and abruptly, ruthlessly, he was pushed aside. A tall form in wet, glistening slicker took his place upon the bridge. The mate's eyes widened bewilderingly. "Captain Sayers," he muttered. "Captain Sayers."

But the captain ignored him. He was shouting out commands at the top of his bursting lungs. "Put every stitch on her," he shouted. "Jump lively there!"

Part of the crew had emerged from the hatches and were running rapidly backward and forward in response to the captain's orders. After a moment he turned to the gasping mate. "We'll get out of this. Do as I say, and we'll get out of this. I know what's happened. We're in the wrong dimension. I was in it once before — years ago. Nothing to fear — if you'll do as I say. I know how to steer her. Five tracks to the right, a twist to the left and we'll be out of it. I know I've been in touch with them for years. I'm psychic."

"Mad," groaned the mate. "Stark, raving mad!"

The captain had left the mate's side and was running frantically toward the wheel. "Keep them at it!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Tell them to square away. Can't put too much — do you hear?"

The mate nodded. "Worth tryin'," he muttered to himself. "Follow him implicitly. Nothin' to lose. He's in touch with 'em, maybe. Crazy people are psychic. They know things we don't." He raised his voice. "For God's sake, men, be quick. Do as the captain says. It's our only chance."

There ensued a race with destruction. The great ship hove to and trembled ominously, every sail on her taut with the breeze, while from the ocean there arose a screeching and a droning such as no sane man could endure with fortitude. The mate felt his reason tottering, even as the reason of the captain had departed, even as the mind of poor Williamson had succumbed — poor Williamson, who squatted hopelessly on the deck, his right hand supporting a horror of horrors, and his face a distorted mask in the spectral light.

But eventually they won through. The ship, under the captain's guidance veered strangely on the dark waters. It veered about and rose on a mountainous swell, and even as the captain shouted orders into the attentive ear of the frightened helmsman the droning and screeching diminished in volume. One by one the hideous luminous faces faded from the luminous seas. The wind went down, and the ship floated serenely on a three-dimensional ocean.

wanted to terrify him — appall and terrify him utterly. It wanted to drive Williamson mad with fright so that it could fasten on his inflamed brain and drain it dry.

The mate, standing unsteadily upon the bridge, was alive to Williamson's peril. He had watched the scientist awake from a troubled sleep and had seen the dark shape moving backward and forward above the latter's head. He had also observed, with an actual physical retching, the round dark object on the deck, before the horror had reclaimed it. He was an imaginative man, and his brain, at that moment, was as agitated as the one which the horror coveted. But a mighty wave of fury against the thing that had come up from the sea blotted the fright from his mind. The barrel of the rifle in his hand glowed like a long blue taper on the moonlight. Slowly, with an almost hysterical deliberation, he raised the weapon to his shoulders and took aim.

The horror screeched twice shrilly as the bullet plowed through its dark body. It fell from the netting, twisted itself into a ball and rolled diagonally toward the scuppers. As it passed over the deck it left a thin blue trail of phosphorescent slime on the wet planks. Williamson turned from the rail, against which he had been clinging, and raised a stricken face towards the bridge. "It's no use," he shrieked. "Too many of them! All about the ship! I'm going!"

He started to climb upon the rail; and then, suddenly, his foot slipped and he went down with a thud. When he raised himself again to a sitting posture he was holding something dark and round between his hands and gibbering insanely. "No top to it! No top at all!" he screamed. "The brain-pan's gone! All sucked dry — nothing inside! Oh my God!"

Four hours later the sun came up over the coastal hills and flooded the ocean with a saffron light. Williamson, serene and at peace, stood silently by the rail and gazed with gratitude at the prone form of Captain Sayers. The captain lay asleep on the bed which the scientist had vacated on the previous night under circumstances which the mate could not bear to recall. But Williamson was the courageous one now. He dared to recall them. He gripped the mate's arm and smiled wanly.

"I'm glad you decided to obey the captain," he said. "Nothing else could have saved us. It was an heroic decision. The captain knew. I am convinced. Men whom the world calls insane — sick people, lunatics — are often *en rapport* with the invisible, the hidden. The fourth dimension is an open book to them. They see things which are hidden from us. And the captain knew."

The mate nodded. "I'm glad that they didn't take your brain, old fellow. It's too valuable an instrument. Aside," — he added with an ironic smile — "aside from friendship. I'm glad. You can go on with your work now. You can get all that dope on the Mayas you missed last trip."

"I'll not write about the Mayas," said Stephen decisively. "I've much more important information to convey. My next book will deal with — with them."

The mate scowled. "No one will believe you."

"Perhaps not. But I'm determined to put that horror on paper. Someone, somewhere, may read it and understand."

The mate shook his head. "You'll lose caste. Your scientific friends will gibe and jeer at you."

Stephen's face set in grim lines. "Let them jeer," he muttered. "The knowledge that I'm in the right will sustain me." He drew himself up. "God, but it was a great experience. It nearly did for me, but I know, now, that the world isn't the pretty little affair we've always thought it. *Out beyond* are whetters of cosmic appetites. I've a cosmic appetite, Jim. I like to venture and explore. Perhaps, some day, they'll get my brain, but in the meantime . . ."

The mate smiled sympathetically. "I can guess how it is," he said. "There ain't any sailor this side of the Horn wouldn't understand. You're always hankerin' for what lies just around the corner."

"Or on the dark side of the moon," amended Stephen with a wistful smile.

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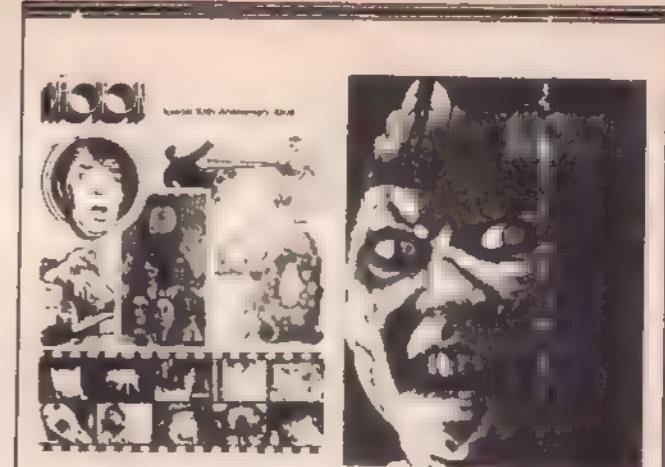
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# The Phantom of the Opera

WITH the revival of interest in the theatre and the resurgence of Fantasy/Horror dramatic productions comes, surprisingly for the first time THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. The production of Gaston's Leroux's famous novel, adapted for the stage by director David Giles, is one of the performances in the 1975 season of the ACTORS COMPANY.

The production employs the theatre as the Paris Opera, in which most of THE PHANTOM is set. Inasmuch, the audience is employed virtually as 'extra' cast and, thus, a great actor-audience relationship is utilised to heighten the atmosphere of the situation being portrayed. Off scene events are imaginatively presented as 'flashbacks', with the aid of lighting and "aside" acting. The atmosphere created in the grave-yard scene rivals many comparable film scenes, proving that the theatre, although limited in versatility, is an effective medium for Fantasy.

Criticising the production, it is overly long, the final portion of the play becoming a little tedious. The play, like Leroux's novel, presents two almost entirely separate situations: the former an involved mystery with supernatural overtones which is superb in production; the latter is a predecessor of Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu epics which did suffer from restrictions in theatre versatility, relying very heavily on the imagination of the audience. Apart from the atmosphere of *mystique*, the most striking aspect of the production is the humour presented as a delightful routine between the Opera directors and a Madame Giry, accompanied by excellent performances by those involved. Conversely, the production is marred by uninspired performances of Erik the Phantom, and the heroine. An interesting production that unfortunately deteriorates somewhat. Good entertainment, indifferent horror. JON HARVEY

THE ornate old Wimbledon Theatre is the ideal place for this adaption of the Gaston Leroux thriller. The original tale is quite different from any film version to date, and David Giles is to be congratulated for writing and directing this first-ever stage translation. The stage is very creatively used, to represent the Paris Opera, the Phantom's underground kingdom, and various outdoor scenes, helped by excellent miming from a solid professional cast, and neat lighting and slide effects by Mick Hughes. There is plenty of activity in the auditorium itself, as actors pop up in stalls and boxes, and spot-lights are turned on the audience in a search for the crazed Erik. Many scenes are played lightly, backstage squabbles between the befuddled management and an eccentric custodian who tends the Phantom's private box, the romantic adventures of a flighty prima ballerina, and the tribulations of an ageing and egocentric diva, etc. Personally, we would have preferred more chills, and fewer chuckles, but the comedy elements were at least competently handled and not too grossly overdone. The only really seedy part of the production involved the miming of the final trio from FAUST to a scratchy phonograph record played backstage. This did not work. The actors appeared unhappy with it, and it was an unfortunately amateurish touch in an otherwise very tidy production. The acting on the whole was fine, especially Juan Moreno as the mysterious Darius. Sheila Reid and Sheila Burrell got the most out of their whimsical roles, and Keith Drinkel did well by the rather boring part of the young hero.

Unfortunately, Edward Petherbridge, while representing the suave side of the Phantom nicely, did little to suggest the intensity of his obsession with the young soprano, nor the menacing aspects of his



derangement. Sharon Duce had a difficult character to cope with, as the virtuous heroine, Christine, and she came off rather like a blonde Betty Boop, but as the script didn't give her a cat in hell's chance, we'll refrain from criticising her performance. Ms. Duce looked the part, anyway.

Erik's unmasking is played more for pathos than shock, but it was rather disarming when Mr Petherbridge's putty "face" fell off in mid-scene. (This is the sort of thing that makes live theatre so exciting.) The mangled features were nasty enough to cause a flood of calls to the BBC switchboard when they were revealed on TV in Nottingham. So many complaints were received that the Beeb was forced to make an official apology for grossing out early evening viewers.

The PHANTOM runs for close to three hours, with two intervals, so don't go without

having dinner first. But, by all means go. It's not very scary, but it's good fun, and well-presented.

The Actors' Company Wimbledon season extends through 30 August, and also boasts THE BACCHAE by Euripides, which should be worth seeing (that's REALLY vintage horror). It's accompanied by a panto of JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Other productions will include the world premiere of a new comedy THE LAST ROMANTIC, by a new writer, Kerry Lee Crabbe, and a mounting of Molere's TARTUFFE which our spies tell us is definitely not to be missed, even if it isn't horror-fantasy. We look forward to haunting the Wimbledon Theatre quite a bit this summer, and for those who can't make it, the Company will be touring again in the fall. Ring the box office at Wimbledon 0 946 5211, for further information on the current season. L.K.

## The Phantom of the Opera

Gaston Leroux's novel adapted by David Giles

Phantom	Edward Petherbridge	Director	David Giles
Christine	Sharon Duce		
Raoul	Keith Drinkel	Sets	Ken Mellor
Mercier	Gary Raymond	Costumes	Jan Wright
Moncharmin	Jonathan Adams	Lighting	Mick Hughes
Richard	Neil Stacy		
Debienne	Ralph Michael		
Poligny	Tenniel Evans		
Philippe	Charles Kay		
Sorelli	Helen Cotterill		
Darius	Juan Moreno		
Carlotta	Sheila Reid		
Mme Giry	Sheila Burrell		
Cecille	Elaine Strickland		



Our last nostalgia feature surveyed the rather slim pickings of a typical '50's yearsworth of fantasy films. This time out, we'll be concerned with some of the myriad products of a bumper year for "horror" enthusiasts, 1971.

Top Right: Results of Bruce Dern's crazed experiments in *THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT*.

Below: The mystical gunslinger of *EL TOPO*.

In the grotty category, were quite a few of those strange Philippino screamies, like **MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND** its equally incomprehensible sequel **BLOOD DEVILS**, and **CREATURES OF EVIL**. The latter was particularly freaky viewing, with its tale of a vampire mum (kept chained in the basement by her husband, and presumed properly dead by everyone else), spreading the curse of the undead throughout the podgy, heavily perspiring cast.

This one also features some incredibly weird use of colour filters, and has characters who are supposed to be servants wandering about in very poorly applied backface!

There was also **DIE SCREAMING, MARIANNE**, an early exploitation effort by Peter Walker, who has since decided to concentrate on grue, rather than soft-core porn and "crime"-type violence. Although we don't think all that much of Walker's efforts to date, he is an independent British filmmaker concentrating on "horror", and we can hope, anyway, that he may produce some more subtle and profound stuff in the future. Unfortunately, lots of running about yelling, and random bloodletting still seems to sell the most tickets. **EYES OF HELL** was a 3-D quickie made in 1961, but not loosed upon a yawning world until a decade later. It concerned a malevolent Indian mask from South America, which produced vile hallucinations (the 3D bits) — in anyone foolish enough to don it. Very tedious going, but rare enough to be worth a look, if you see a 2D print is being screened at your local. **BRIDES OF BLOOD** had mutant plants, a beefcake glamour boy who turns into an 'orrible monster and a wonderfully camp performance by a woman known as Beverly Hills, portraying a nymphomaniac who gets a lot more than she bargained for from that muscular gent. **HOMBRE QUE VINO DE UMBO**, sometimes known as **DRACULA V. FRANKENSTEIN** (but not to be confused with another grade-Z effort of similar title, involving Chaney Jnr. and J. Carroll Naish) — was made in Spain, had Michael Rennie as one of a group of dead scientists whose bodies are taken over by space people who plan to terrorise humanity by reviving all the most feared monsters of folklore and sending them forth to plunder, maim, mutilate, kill, and generally create unpleasantness.

Although tatty versions of Dracula, the Mummy, Frankenstein's creature, and the Wolfman shamble about, the title characters never appear in the same scene. The wolf man, however, is none other than the very popular Continental menace, Paul Naschy, re-

creating his most famous role, as lonely lycanthrope Waldemar Daninsky. Anyway, the human emotions of the original owners of the bodies being used by the aliens begin to assert themselves, and we are treated to a few sadistic sexploitationish scenes as the females are tortured to purge them of their human tendencies. One woman, Maleva, nonetheless falls for the stubby Waldemar, who has decimated several other ladies in his furry form.

The police attack the castle searching for the perpetrator, whilst Maleva and Waldemar are busy fighting the other monsters. After killing them all off, Maleva affectionately plugs Waldemar with the traditional silver bullet, and commits suicide, thus freeing them both from their earthly woes. By this time, of course, the place has caught fire, and the leader of the aliens (Rennie) is condemned as a failure by his superiors, and reverts to his original extraterrestrial form (eccc) — to perish in the conflagration.

This hectic production features some truly hilarious attempts at horrific makeup, and often tries to build tension by the use of flashing lights.

**THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT** starred Bruce Dern (**SILENT RUNNING**) as Roger, a young man recently released from a mental home, who wishes to prove that he has something to offer society, and begins tinkering with things that man was not intended to meddle with... His wife is kidnapped by an escaped homicidal maniac, but Roger manages to free her, and gets the notion of grafting the lunatic's head onto the huge body of the local idiot, to further his studies into the feasibility of human head transplants. His lady, meanwhile, becomes suspicious, accidentally frees the monstrosity, which proceeds to carry her off once again, and snuffs four innocents in the process. They head for an abandoned mine, where Danny (the retarded head) — was injured as a child, and rendered a simpleton. Roger and a friend trace them, and manage to rescue the woman. As they try to recapture the monster, however, the mine abruptly caves in on everyone. This is an extremely seedy film, needless to say, but really quite funny and watchable.

**THE BEAST IN THE CELLAR** features Flora Robson and Beryl Reid as a brace of old dears who keep a psychotic brother in the basement. It's a small, slow-moving thriller, but the ladies lend considerable class to the familiar proceedings. **THE BLOOD ON SATAN'S CLAW** (a.k.a. **SATAN'S SKIN**) starts out as an extremely interesting and atmospheric tale of rural witch cults, but loses



momentum, and drags along to a predictable, if nasty conclusion. A well-intentioned failure, and worth a viewing.

**FRANKENSTEIN ON CAMPUS**, which we have not had a chance to see, was evidently a sexploitation vehicle more than a terror film, with the emphasis on stripping off for collegiate "pot orgies" (?) and erzatz moralistic messages about student unrest.

**HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**, the second film inspired by the American TV serial, had more sex and gore than the original, but lost atmosphere, and suffered from an extremely low budget and rushed shooting schedule.

**NECROPOLIS**, another unknown quantity, seems to have brought Montezuma, Frankenstein's monster and Countess Elisabeth Bathory together for a violent romp in an underground cavern.

**BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE DOLLS**, a cracked Fellini-esque sex film by America's king of semi-porn, Russ Meyer had a bizarre futuristic setting and excesses of just about everything, including mass murder. **WILLARD**, another U.S. film was well-publicised and did well enough at the box office to warrant a sequel, but it was a silly business, and the killer rats were so obviously tame domestic specimens that their antics drew "awwwws" instead of the intended yelps of terror from the audience. Bruce Davidson was tolerable in the title role, Ernest Borgnine proved once again that he can open his mouth wider than anyone in the world, and Elsa Lanchester briefly livened up the proceedings as the "hero's" smothering mum. The original novel by Stephen Gilbert, **RATMAN'S NOTEBOOKS**, is much more frightening, and we recommend it as good, nasty holiday reading.

**SEX AND THE VAMPIRE** was one of French director Jean Rollin's spicy quickies. Although they are not exactly our cup of tea, Rollin's films often have

some very striking visual moments, creative camera work, and more attractive peeled people than are usually seen in such films. We'd like to see Rollin try his hand at a "straight" Gothic picture sometime in the future.

**EL TOPO**, a very weird film about (I think) — a gunman who is killed many times and keeps returning to life to learn his lesson achieved something of a cult status in America, but is pretty soporific going at times, and, as they say, definitely not for the squeamish.

**CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT** had cavemen, monsters, and Julie Ege, none of which made any lasting favourable impression, while **COUNTESS DRACULA** had some very nice moments, with Ingrid Pitt doing a good job of conveying the corruption of the legendary Blood Countess, and Peter Sasdy at the helm, providing some truly nightmarish moments.

**CAULDRON OF BLOOD** was made in 1968, and featured Karloff as a kindly blind sculptor who uses skeletons as armatures for his figures. His sadistic young wife (Viveca Lindfors) and her equally unpleasant lover provide him with plenty of material via murder. Eventually, they get their just deserts, and the old man, overwhelmed by the revelation of their crimes, propels his invalid chair over the side of a cliff.

Hardly memorable stuff, but Karloff, as usual, provides a sincere and solid performance, and Lindfors is appropriately malevolent as the murderer.

**EGGHEAD'S ROBOT** is an obscure kiddie film, which had some good moments, as a bright schoolboy uses a lifelike robot to achieve his goals, the main one being to torment a bad-tempered park-keeper. (Roy Kinnear).

**TROG** was a dreary opus in which Joan Crawford takes a newly discovered missing link under her scientific wing, only to have him go berserk, hang a few people up on meat hooks, kidnap a child, and be destroyed

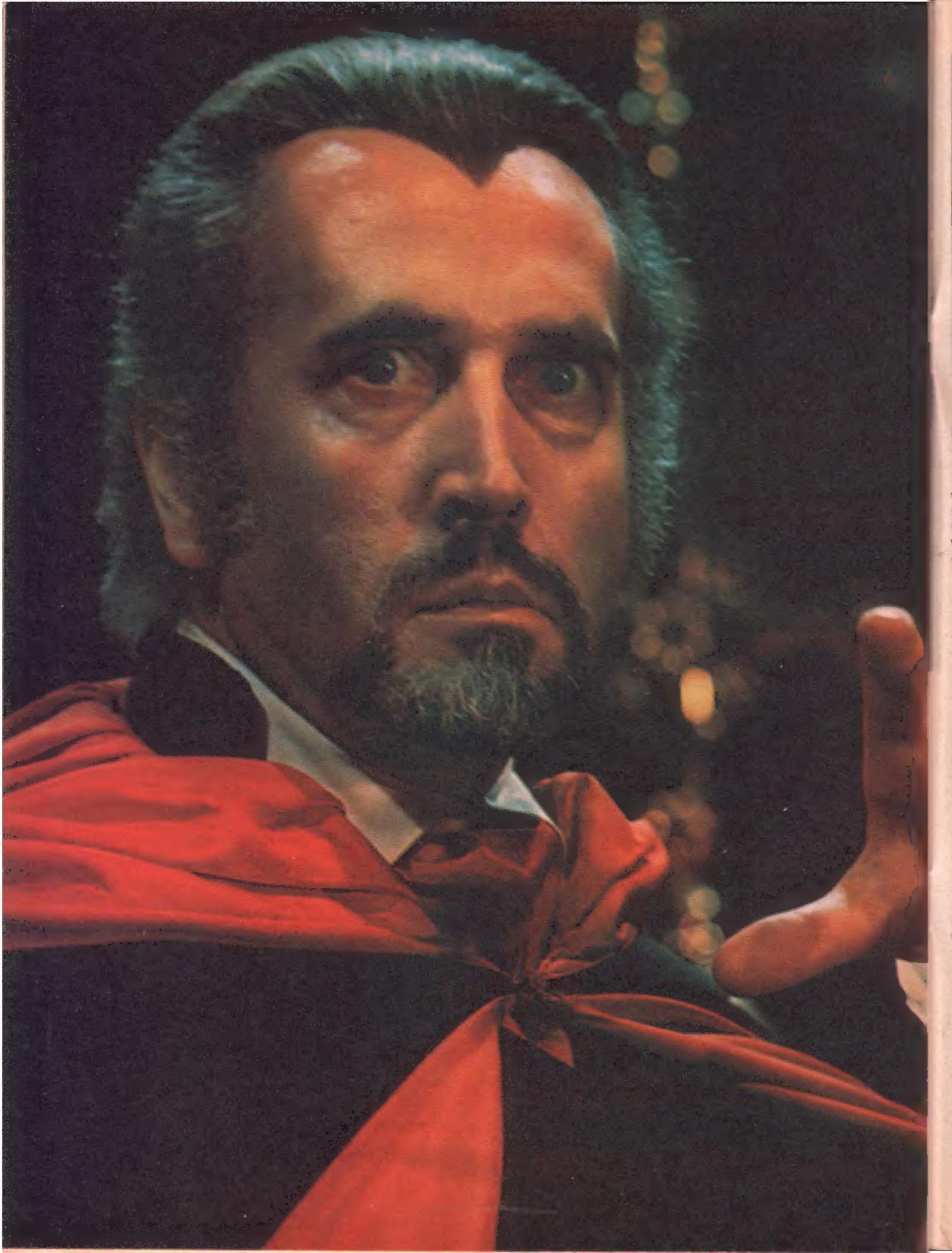


in a cave-in. The ape man's makeup was pretty ludicrous, and so was the film.

1971 saw the release of **THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES**, a very enjoyable black comedy starring Vincent Price. We found it great fun, but won't go into it here, as it's covered fully in issue 6. Another early effort by director Robert Fuest did not come off nearly as well. A tired version of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** presented Anna Calder-Marshall and Timothy Dalton as the most bland and undaemonic Heathcliff and Cathy imaginable, although filmed in Bronte country, it gives the impression of having been made on the set. The style is pure TV-commercial — "pretty".

**ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES** was one of the more interesting films in the series, but, again, due to limited space, we'll refer you back to issue 5, where we looked at all the **APES** pictures.

**10 RILLINGTON PLACE** was a bit too strong for many viewers, as it covered the real-life homicidal career of the infamous Christie, and the pathetic story of an innocent simpleton who was executed for his murders, but sturdy audiences will find it worthwhile for the remarkable performances of Richard Attenborough as Christie and John Hurt as the luckless Evans. VERY nasty, though. Be warned.



**MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE** is a very complex, flawed, but ultimately very rewarding film, with an unusually strong cast, and skillful use of a theatrical environment. We would like to give it lengthier attention than is possible in this article, so we'll leave it for now, with a few stills to whet your appetite. Watch out for a colour feature in a future WOH.

An even more difficult film is Luis Bunel's **TRISTANA**, a touching, melancholy tale of the individual's yearning for love. Several scenes are weird enough to make it worth mentioning in the fantasy category, but, as usual with Bunel, it's extremely anti-clerical and pretty kinky, so some will find it offensive.

Yet another in the "very peculiar" division is **PERFORMANCE**, directed by Donald Cammell and Nicholas Roeg, (who also provided the wonderful camera work). It features Mick Jagger as a retired rock superstar whose hot-house existence is invaded by a sadistic petty criminal on the run. (James Fox). The two become fascinated with each other's life-styles, the spiv is introduced to psychedelic drugs, and in the grim finale, there is a complete identity switch as the crook, being "taken for a ride," literally turns into the pop star (who is actually dead in the flat). This one is not exactly light entertainment, and really needs more than one viewing to be appreciated, but it's worth the effort.

For a complete change of pace, Disney Studio's **BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS** provided a very sentimentalised view of World War II, the usual gruesome children, and a rather too liberal dose of the cuties throughout; however, its skillful combination of live action and animation walked off with a Hollywood Academy Award, and quite deservedly.



Opposite page: Mike Raven tries hard in **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE**.

Above: Ralph Bates and Martine Beswick as **DR. JEKYLL & SISTER HYDE**.

Left: George C. Scott in **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**.  
Below: A heady frolic in **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**.

**BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB** was, sadly, Seth Holt's last directorial project, and was completed, at his death, by Michael Carreras. It's one of Hammer's most effective films, in our opinion. It takes quite a few liberties with Stoker's **JEWEL OF THE SEVEN STARS**, but the end result is a handsome, far more intelligent than usual treatment of the Mummy's revenge theme, with a few moments that are extremely frightening. Valerie Leon is a robust and convincing heroine, as Margaret Fuchs who is possessed by the spirit of the ancient sorceress queen, Tera (whose tomb was invaded by her father and his colleagues at the exact time of her birth). The irate Tera claims the life of Margaret's mother, and, as the girl grows to adulthood, employs her as an instrument for killing off the survivors of the expedition, and returning the plundered relics of the tomb. Yes, it's very familiar, but nicely handled, well acted on the whole, and a good little film.

Two adventures of the Los Angeles-based Count Yorga were released, to the great enthusiasm of many horror-lovers; the first, **COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE**, has a nice light touch, and its casual presentation makes the shocks, when they come, most effective. (It seems that old hand-through-the-window bit never fails) — The sequel, **RETURN OF COUNT YORGA** is even more interesting, satirising our preoccupation with violent fantasy to protect ourselves from the horrors about us. One scene depicts a fancy-dress party where virtually every man present has decked himself out as a vampire, and another segment shows us Count Yorga at home, enjoying a screening of **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS** on telly. Good stuff, and Robert Quarry makes a fine, menacing monster, and although he lacks Christopher Lee's presence, Yorga is a far more arresting character than the tepid Hammer **DRACULA** of recent years. It's a pity that the low budget often shows through, particularly in the makeup of some of Yorga's undead slaves.

**THE MEPHISTO WALTZ**, with its tale of a musical family's dealings with the devil, had plenty of promise, but turned out a bit insipid and unsatisfying.

**BREWSTER McCLOUD**, directed by Robert Altman of **M.A.S.H.** fame is a lovely tragicomedy about an unhappy youth who is determined to learn to fly, as a rebellion against the dismal materialistic society that surrounds him. Perhaps it doesn't quite come off, but it's touching, amusing, and a good try.



The same might be said of **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, a gentle story of a New York solicitor (George C. Scott at his best) who, demoralised by the callousness of modern society, and the death of his wife, retreats into an elaborate fantasy world where he is Sherlock Holmes. A no-nonsense psychiatrist (Joanne Woodward) is called in by the hero's obnoxious brother who wants to have him committed, to gain control of his fortune.

The doctor finds herself fascinated, and eventually falls in love with the idealistic madman. Accompanying him on his adventures in Manhattan (her surname, of course, is Watson), she discovers that "Holmes" is accepted completely by unhappy urbanites who want to believe in the reality of this noble character. A subplot of pursuit by "real" criminals supposed by the protagonist to be Moriarty and his minions is a bit too far-fetched, as is the climactic battle between an army of eccentrics and the forces of evil in a supermarket. Still, for at least half its length, it's real Best-Movie-In-The-World material, beautifully acted, and worth seeing many times.

Scott also lent his considerable talent to another pallid Bronte adaptation, a very sentimental treatment of **JANE EYRE** with Susannah York as a too-pretty and rather languid Jane, completely outclassed by Scott's astringent Mr. Rochester. One of the few interesting touches is the fact that Rochester's deranged wife is presented as an exotically beautiful girl, instead of the usual dung-smeared hag. This contrast goes for nothing though, as Ms. York's Jane is herself a conventional dolly. This one's no classic, but compared to the aforementioned desecration of **WUTHERING HEIGHTS** it's passable entertainment.

**THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN** is a very stylish presentation of Michael Crichton's SF novel, with a sturdy cast (Kate Reid is outstanding, milking the role of a crusty middle-aged scientist

for all it's worth). Unfortunately, despite its visual beauty, it lacks enough suspense to sustain it throughout a two-hour-plus running time. Still, far from a write-off.

**I, MONSTER** has come in for a lot of adverse criticism, but as we've missed this version of the Jekyll-Hyde tale, which starred Cushing, Lee, and Mike Raven we can't pass judgement. Some fans have said it's a neglected winner, with an unusual approach to the old thriller. It pops up fairly frequently at late shows, and should be worth investigating for Lee and Cushing, at least.

**DR. JEKYLL AND SISTER HYDE**, a tongue-in-cheek treatment of the same tale has Ralph Bates turning into Martine Beswick when he guzzles that stuff. The transformations are well-handled, and the resemblance between the two actors quite striking. Roy Ward Baker directs with a light hand and there's violence aplenty, with a few wicked giggles along the line.

**DRACULA A.D. 72** provides some real horse-laughs, but unfortunately, they are not intentional in this rather pathetic piece of work. Christopher Lee, as usual, is given very little to do, and spends his brief moments on-screen looking understandably cheesed off. Peter Cushing has a fair amount of the script, but as a rather thick descendant of the original Dr. Van Helsing, (one scene has him laboriously coming to the conclusion that **ALUCARD** reversed is **DRACULA**, complete with pencil, paper, and tongue-poked-out-in-concentration demeanor), there really isn't much he can do to help. Most of the time is devoted to an absurd gaggle of thirtyish 'Swingin' London' fabgear "teenagers," many of whom are mercifully annihilated, before the Count is returned yet again to his unquiet grave by the dedicated Van Helsing.

**LUST FOR A VAMPIRE** had some potential as a further exploration of LeFanu's **CARMILLA** mythos, and

sequel to **THE VAMPIRE LOVERS**. It falls apart quite early on, though; is reduced to low comedy by an *incredible* theme song "Strange Love," makes very little use of the talents of Barbara Jefford and a miscast Ralph Bates, and much use of the boobs of the untalented Yutte Stensgaard. To give the lady due credit, they are highly presentable boobs, but if it were not for the presence of the very terrible Mike Raven, in comparison to whom she comes off well, Ms. Stensgaard would have to be classed as one of the most lethargic vampires of all time.

**SCROOGE**, a musical revival of **A CHRISTMAS CAROL** is an overblown mess, complete with a stickily banal Leslie Bricusse score. The script, however, is quite accurate Dickens, and the cast, headed by Albert Finney makes

the most of the production. Alec Guinness does a guest appearance as the chained shade of Jacob Marley.

**CRY OF THE BANSHEE** took a sympathetic look at practitioners of the Old Religion pitted against the persecution of a corrupt establishment, floridly represented by Vincent Price. It's obviously a low budget quickie, and it's a great shame this theme could not have been more accurately handled.

Elisabeth Bathory pops up yet again, in a very "arty" look at lesbian vampirism in modern times. **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS**. Thorughly beautiful to look at, if short on commercial thrills; but beware of the censor's heavy hand, evident in U.K. prints.



Top Left: **RETURN OF COUNT YORGA**. Above: **THE DEVILS**. Below: **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**.



**THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE** is largely a documentary of insect life given SF flavour by interloped scenes of a scientist delivering a doomsday commentary about how the little perishers will rule the earth long after mankind has done itself in. Very impressive in colour, but can't seem to make up its mind on what message it wants to deliver.

**HANDS OF THE RIPPER** is another undistinguished Hammer effort, concerning the inheritance of Jack the Ripper's antisocial inclinations by his whiney daughter Angharad Rees. The plot is flabby, with Eric Porter looking embarrassed as a shrink trying to study the effects of the girl's gruesome past on her personal development, only to be continually interrupted in his studies by the fact that the little lady has run a hatpin-poker-broadsword, scissors or lorgnette through yet another victim. An attempt is made to compensate for total lack of suspense by emphasising the cruelty of the killings. There are the usual blathering minor characters, most of whom get "rubbed out", and doctor and patient join the casualty list in the final scene. Even the Edwardian "vibes," usually handled competently by Hammer are lacking in interest here. No good.

We'll close with mention of two Ken Russell gross-out extravaganzas, **THE MUSIC LOVERS**, a florid psychological biography of Tchaikovsky, which has been criticised for its inaccuracy, but has plenty of visual impact. Russell, no matter how irritating many people find his work, is seldom dull.

**THE DEVILS** is an even more elaborate example of this director's blatant muse at work. Huxley is probably still spinning, but this grisly account of the "possession" of a convent full of hysterical, sex-mad nuns in Loudon (led by Vanessa Redgrave as a randy hunchback) — and how it brought about the brutal execution of an innocent, if "wordly" priest, is definitely not going to send anyone off to sleep. The sadism will turn many off, but at least in this instance, the torture and violence is used to make a statement about intolerance and the wickedness that can come about by "religious" repression of emotion, and it cannot be dismissed as merely a tarted-up exploitation flick. **THE DEVILS** is a fascinating experience.

Once again, we have run out of space, but we shall return, with more stills and comments on the fantasy films of bygone years. Don't forget, requests for future years to be covered are always welcome...

